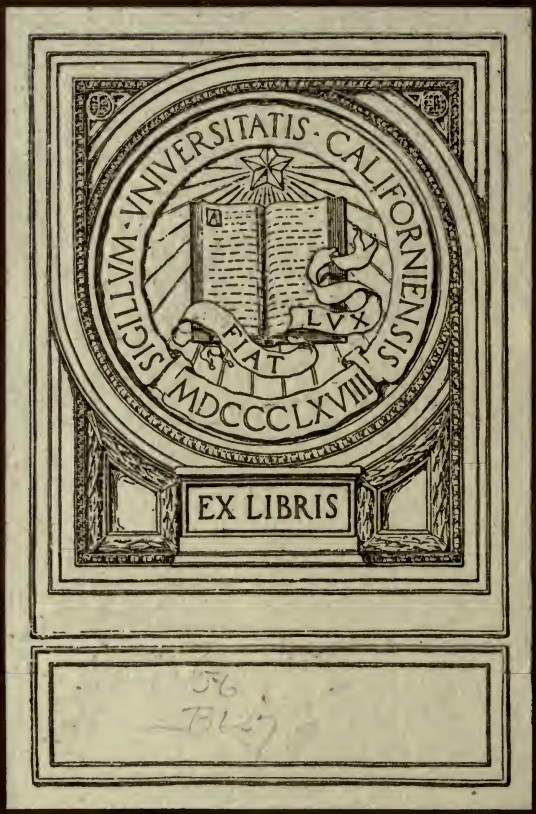
TRAVELS, TRIPS, AND TROTS.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. BLAKSLEY.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TRAVELS, TRIPS, AND TROTS.

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MINERVA OF THE PARTHENON.

TRAVELS, TRIPS, AND TROTS.

ON AND OFF DUTY

FROM THE

TROPICS TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

"*All places that the eye of heaven dwells on*
Are, to the wise man, ports and happy havens."

—RICHARD II.

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL J. BLAKSLEY

(LATE COLONEL "THE BUFFS"),

Author of "Footprints of the Lion," and other Stories of Travel.

SECOND EDITION.

1904.

LONDON:

J. J. KELIHER & CO., LIMITED,

99, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.; AND 33, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

G469
B6

LONDON:
J. J. KELIHER & CO., LIMITED.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

Thanking all those who kindly reviewed my book, thereby contributing to its success, I am emboldened to launch forth a second edition. Travel is an education, and the love of it increases. Flying through the air is not travelling, and one great art of travel is to select interesting routes, and not to be hurried. Change, perpetual variety, is what people of active habits long for, and, I hope that many may be induced to leave sometimes the hackneyed and stereotyped paths and fashionable resorts, for the many beautiful regions comparatively unexplored. How many would be delighted with the eastern shore and islands of the Adriatic; how many visitors to Greece know the wonderful monasteries of Meteora or Megaspelæon, or even the vale of Tempe? Many hundreds of our countrymen disport themselves annually on the "*Rivvyera*," but how few visit the exquisite Riviera di Levante, with Rapallo, Santa Marguerita, Porto Fino, etc.

Ignorance causes a dread of leaving the beaten track, and sometimes over-solicitude about "Little Mary" destroys all love of adventure. I have frequently been cautioned by arm-

chair connoisseurs of travel, before starting on some of my trips, as to the dangers, in Portugal for instance, with—"Oh! my dear fellow, you had better not go out of Lisbon or you will be assassinated"—now, my friend, the British Consul, at Lisbon, hearing of this, told me that the only unsafe place in Portugal is Lisbon itself. And, the same with regard to Greece—"Beware of those awful brigands, my dear fellow,"—when there has not been a case of brigandage in Greece since that in the Plains of Marathon in 1875. It is infinitely safer to go through the length and breadth of these two countries, than to go from Canterbury to Maidstone by road, or even to cross St. James's Square, especially on a foggy evening.

J. BLAKSLEY.

9, *Lansdowne Square, Hove.*

A Few

Press Opinions

OF THE

First Edition.

"The author of 'Travels, Trips, and Trots' describes himself as a 'literary microbe possessed with a certain *cacoëthes scribendi*.' . . . General Blaksley is evidently an eclectic traveller, who skips from one part of the world to another . . . 'Two Years in the West Indies' is a description of life in those peaceful post-Crimean and Mutiny days as seen through the spectacles of a subaltern of the West India Regiment, *ex* of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Then there are Scampers through Greece, and Rambles in the Peninsula. From Spain to the Gold Coast, where a whole summer, which appears to have been anything but a pleasant experience, was spent; and, to conclude with, there is a fascinating story of a trip to Ultima Thule, which apparently was undertaken somewhat later in life."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The author of this volume has had wide and varied experiences of travel. . . . Having performed these travels and trips with his eyes wide open, he has seen many interesting, and not a few strange things, and these he has utilised for the making of an exceedingly readable book. Throughout the volume there is a lightness which is exceedingly enjoyable. Some excellent illustrations add to the attractions of a book, over which a few hours may be agreeably spent."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Entertaining sketches of travel in very different parts of the world and at different times. Light, breezy . . and with excellent illustrations."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"Highly entertaining and chatty series of narratives of travel in many lands. . . . General Blaksley is a master of the art of travel relation. . . . The book is one which is sure to 'catch on' with that large section of readers of both sexes, who delight in travel stories."—*Scotsman.*

"A very pleasant record of the author's wanderings. The author has a certain faculty of bright and sympathetic observation. . . . His running commentaries are illustrated with good photographs of beautiful scenery, architecture, and women."—*Daily Chronicle.*

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

Encouraged by the kindly notices of my book ("Footprints of the Lion," &c.), for which I am thankful to the Reviewers in the *Times*, *People*, and many others, I am induced, as a literary microbe possessed with a certain *cacoëthes scribendi*, to introduce myself again to the public and sue for a whiff, however infinitesimal, of the *aura popularis*.

J. BLAKSLEY,
Major-General.

Junior United Service Club.

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I.

TWO YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.

TWO YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.

It was in the good old days—the Crimean war clouds had rolled by—and, after the Indian Mutiny, the war demon had retired.

It had been proclaimed at the School of Musketry by that dear old prophet of peace, Colonel Wilford, that "they who were engaged in perfecting arms of precision were engaged in the great cause of humanity, and that ere long, Princes would have to fight their own battles, for wars would cease."

The *entente cordiale* had not exhausted itself, and, anxious to show magnanimity, the Lion appeared ready to lie down, even with the Frog.

But alas! these prospects of an approaching millennium did not bring delight to the heart of the British subaltern; for him the horizon seemed overcast, and promotion was seen through a very long dim vista. Happily these were

the days of the Purchase System, and a highly approved-of scheme was to exchange to a West India regiment, in which there would probably not be many for purchase, and then, having obtained promotion, to exchange back to a British regiment. From the "Royal North British" (now the "Royal Scots") Fusiliers, to a West India regiment, was a plunge indeed, and it was regarded as a veritable *descensus averni;* but then there was the hope that one would speedily *revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras*, as a Captain.

Impelled by such thoughts as these, I left my *premier amour* (named above), and, in the good ship "Tasmanian," proceeded westwards. How beautiful when seen for the first time are the oft-described Azores, how interesting the great Gulf Stream and weed, the flying-fish, and all the wonders of the Atlantic! After touching at St. Thomas and then daily at one or more islands, one soon becomes impressed with their great richness and loveliness, and begins to think one has found a paradise indeed, but—*nous verrons*. At length we reached Barbadoes, then the headquarters of the West Indian command. In the general aspect of "*Bimshire*," or "*Little England*," as they call it, there is nothing peculiarly tropical; the coloured brethren, however, the heat and the insects, soon initiate

one into various little phases of West Indian existence. We were much struck with the great strength of the native porters who landed the baggage. Allen's military chests of drawers are no trifle, yet each of my chests was carried on the back of one man for several hundreds of yards towards the barracks. My first meal on shore was with an old friend on guard, and consisted chiefly of land crabs and mulled port—the latter seemed rather a curious drink for the tropics—but, try a rainy season there. The native inhabitants are very proud of their island insisting—"Massa! me *true* Barbadian barn!" They are quick and have wonderfully good ears for music, the band of the regiment being composed of men who played entirely by ear. During an epidemic of yellow-fever I have seen many a little sprig of humanity going along whistling the "Dead March" before he could articulate, and laughing at the whites. The natives are generally exempt from yellow-fever, as are the whites from cholera, hence the common saying, "Yellow Jack come, buckra man die and black man laugh—cholera come, black man die and buckra man laugh!"

There is little in Barbadoes characteristic of the tropics excepting the heat. Consequently, it was with the greatest satisfaction that I found myself soon appointed acting

musketry instructor to the regiment, as that necessitated visiting all our many detachments, and I was shortly *en route* for Demerara. The voyage was pleasant enough, but, as the steamer frequently conveyed cargoes of sugar, it was infested with innumerable cockroaches nearly as large as cheese plates and wonderful to behold. Such is the effect of sugar. At about fifty miles from Georgetown, the capital, one begins to notice the discoloration of the sea; this constantly increases, and for the last twenty miles it is liquid mud, caused by the enormous amount of alluvial deposit brought down by the Demerara, Essequibo, Orinoco, and other rivers. Having entered the river, the military passengers were taken ashore in the mail boat, manned by twelve Kroomen of the 1st West India Regiment. They are splendid muscular specimens of humanity, although, as is well known, they do not make very good soldiers, and rule and discipline are irksome to them.

The barracks of Eve Leary are about a mile from Georgetown. They are built of splendid timber, mostly "green-heart," and are raised on huge piles of masonry some ten feet above the ground. They are pleasantly if not quite cheerfully situated, having the yellow-fever graveyard in front and the yellow-fever hospital in rear;

so that this frightful scourge being endemic to the place is thus very thoughtfully kept before one's mind's eye.

No one who has ever been in Demerara in July can ever forget the terrific storms which prevail. Masses of clouds seem to hang for days but a few feet above the buildings. Thunder, for four or five hours without ceasing, rolls like a railway train close overhead. Rain descends in sheets for three days and nights without stopping, and then we can only get about in flat-bottomed boats. The rainy season continues on and off for about three months, and the close of it is a bad time for fevers. In this country, after sweltering all night inside the mosquito net, with, perhaps for company, a few of these pests "ordained to prevent the human liver from becoming torpid," which have found an entrance, one welcomes the morning breeze from the north-east, which from its reviving nature is called the "doctor." Often in the evening there is a lull for a few minutes, and then, a damp, clammy land breeze sets in from across the many miles of swamp in the interior, and in ten minutes the cloth of our billiard table became so wet that playing was impossible. This land breeze brings with it myriads of beetles, some of great

beauty, and enormous bats, measuring five and six feet with wings expanded. One gradually settles down here, but has to learn from *experience* — although a great authority says "*that* is the only school in which fools *will* learn" — how to manœuvre against the extraordinary insect and reptile plagues. Having passed a restless night, one takes a bath, when, forth from one's sponge comes a centipede six inches long and bites one behind the ear, causing perhaps a little fever. Then one discovers that even the legs of the bed have to be isolated in little pans of water to prevent the red ants consuming one, as they do all eatables, including man and clothes and in fact everything, except carbolic soap and cast-iron, unless thus isolated. Then there is the gentle chigo or "jigger," which endeavours to burrow under your skin and deposit its eggs; there was an Italian doctor who had one in his foot, and insisted on taking it home to Europe, unextracted, as a curiosity, but he paid dearly for his devotion to science, as it became necessary to amputate his foot.

As a rule the men of a West India regiment are easy to manage, and they have perfect trust and confidence in their officers. They are passionate, and in disposition something between children and wild beasts. They are

quite the reverse of vindictive, and are in most respects the antipodes of the natives of India; they however resemble Orientals in that they are extremely sober. The only drunkenness was among the Congo men, who, with their flat noses and ugly features, found it impossible to get the Demerara or West Indian girls to smile upon them, and so solaced themselves with rum. The girls would exclaim: "Oh! me Jehovah! de mān too darmed ugly!" We had many fine athletic fellows from the Mandingo and Fan tribes, and a few Dahomans and Kroomen remarkable for their fine physique. I well recollect at our regimental sports seeing three Mandingoes, belonging to the company in which I was a subaltern, throw somersaults on a grassy part of the perfectly level parade ground, over the screen from our billiard-room, seven feet six inches in height,—what is the supposed record jump in Europe? But perhaps we may hear that a somersault is *not* a jump! Many of these men had been cannibals before enlistment, and had their teeth filed thus VVVVV / ΛΛΛΛΛ. On duty one day, when visiting the men at their dinner, an officer enquired if there were any complaints, when one man, grinning and showing his teeth, answered "No complaints, Massa."

"You likee de beef?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Me tinkee you eat de man once?"

"Yes, Massa, me eat de man once."

"And which you likee de best, de beef or de man?"

"Ah! Massa, me tinkee me likee de man best!"

It had been the custom to bestow most curious names on these soldiers on enlistment. All the facetious names from Dickens and Thackeray were heard at roll call. One worthy rejoiced in the venerated name of the Founder of Christianity. He had, unfortunately, developed a taste for strong waters—in fact, was one of the most bibulous men in the battalion. On one occasion, it being his fourth conviction of drunkenness within the twelvemonth, he was necessarily tried by court-martial. The proceedings in due course found their way home, and the authorities, much amused although somewhat irate, issued an order that, in future, names should be taken from some Army List, past or present. I was blessed with a soldier servant with the sounding name of Hugh Gough. The climate of Demerara, like that of the West Indies, is extremely provocative of thirst. One lives there in a more or less sudorific state, and the insinuating sangarees, long bitters, mint juleps, &c., are appreciated accordingly. I knew there the thirstiest soul I ever

met; we were compelled to *restrict* him to *three bottles of brandy per diem*; these he would empty into a sandstone filter. with an equal amount of water, and he considered that this made him twenty-four drinks; he daily finished the whole by noon! This continued for months, and he was never *incapable* from drink. He was, however, considered by the authorities to be rather a Q.H.B. (a "Queen's hard bargain"), and was duly informed that his valuable services could be dispensed with. He was allowed to retire by the sale of his commission, and, on the way home, he played in a cricket match at Barbadoes. It is a remarkable fact which may be interesting to lovers of natural history, that any mosquitoes which had been regaling themselves at night in his quarters, were noticeable in the morning, after making their exit into the verandah, from the unsteadiness of their gait!

Probably some astronomers went out to Demerara in 1862 to witness the extraordinary total eclipse of the sun —it could never be forgotten by anyone present. The sun rose in all its splendour at about 6 a.m.; during the few preceding minutes of twilight, the innumerable bats, beetles, owls, and hosts of other nocturnal creatures, had retired for the day. About twenty minutes later the eclipse commenced, and, when total, all these animals

had again come forth believing that night had returned. As the shadow passed away they found their mistake. It was ludicrous to watch them tumbling about and knocking against walls and trees in their bewilderment, and one could realize the force of the expression "as drunk as an owl"; they soon retired, doubtless with the idea that a practical joke had been played upon them.

It was my good fortune to pay a visit to a friend who owned Devonshire Castle, one of the finest sugar estates in Demerara. It is forty or fifty miles up the Essequibo River, and near the borders of the old primeval forest. After leaving the river on the way to the estate we crossed some lakes covered with the Victoria Regia in full flower, and it seemed desecration to paddle the kraals among the beautiful leaves of four and five feet diameter. On the evening of arrival when seated at dinner, we felt an earthquake shock; there was a tremulous motion which lasted a quarter of a minute, and was soon followed by another. We sat still but terrified, and at length my friend remarked in a whisper, "five hundred feet of mud beneath us!" On the estate were a number of old sepoys who had been discharged after the Mutiny, and some of them were fine old soldiers. There having been many instances of incendiarism on various estates, these

men were employed on night duty, and armed with loaded rifles; my friend remarked to me one night, "If you're tired of life now, you have only to look round the corner of that *magass* house, and you'll get an elongated expanding projectile through your cranium, instanter!"

One morning, hours before daybreak, we had started in two kraals, and paddled across the lakes, and through many channels down to the river, to shoot. All are cautioned when in these channels against firing at a jaguar, because the animal, if only slightly wounded, might spring from the bank and capsize the kraal, when, in consequence of the soft and deep mud at the sides, escape would be next to impossible. I had with me a Westley-Richards carbine. By the first stroke of dawn, I saw crouching in some low straggling bush near the bank, some kind of animal. The temptation was too great. I fired, and, with a roar, he sprang up and then fell, as though dead. We went on without any hope of getting him, but some men who had been following us, contrived, with a rope and some planks, to get him for me and take him home; he proved to be a jaguar; the bullet had gone through his heart. At length we reached a small Portuguese settlement by some sandhills, and as it seemed dry and healthy, we slung our hammocks, each

between two giants of the virgin forest, and established ourselves for a few days. These hammocks, made of fibre or bush rope by the Buck Indians, are very elastic, and afford the most perfect rest. Here then we stayed, shooting by day, *i.e.*, in the morning, and appreciating after dusk the stillness and delicious music which is in Nature, though it vainly appeals to many. The nights were marvellously clear, and—

> "Countless stars, like clustering gems,
> Hung sparkling in the sky."

Shortly before dawn, the animal life with which the forest teems was perceptible all round. The subdued chattering of the monkeys was about the first to be heard, but the wonderful monkey spoken of by Darwin, which produces an exact octave of musical notes, was not represented. Then came the mocking-bird, imitating the notes of several birds, and many other sounds. With the dawn, countless parrots and toucans of gorgeous plumage, were rushing to their feeding grounds, and the fine speckle-breasted pigeons flew above the higher trees. We were lucky in shooting some scarlet ibis (called "kurri kurri" by the natives), and we had to be early by the banks to shoot them. They are beautiful birds, and resemble (in the grey of the morning), so many scarlet blossoms on the

trees, as you creep along towards them in the kraal. A flock of them is usually accompanied by a galding, a very wary bird, which does "sentry-go" for them, and gives the "alarm." A few days in these forests is a very enjoyable experience, and never to be forgotten. My leave of absence, however, soon expired, and I returned to Georgetown, and soon received an order to proceed to St. Lucia. On the voyage thither, when about six hours from Castries, the capital, we encountered a fearful hurricane. Two men were chained at the wheel, as, in those days, there was no steering a vessel from below deck; the remainder on board were all fastened down below; on arrival, an old friend came on board to meet me, with a huge snake twisted round his arm. It was a snake called a creebo, and most docile and harmless. It is the dreaded enemy of a very deadly snake (the fer-de-lance, also called the rat-tail), which it invariably masters in a fight, and afterwards proceeds to swallow, slowly but most deliberately, as I have witnessed. These deadly snakes abounded to such an extent in the bush, which *then* grew very thick and close to the barracks, that no person would venture after dark, even a dozen yards, without a man in front carrying a lantern and a broom, to sweep the way. The scenery in St.

Lucia is very fine; conspicuous from a distance are the Pitons, or Sugar-loaf mountains, of 1,000 feet or more in height, and covered up to the summits with dense jungle. Some British sailors, years ago, went on shore, determined to plant the Union Jack at the top of the highest of the Pitons. They did so, but never returned. It was supposed that, overcome with fatigue, they had lain down and been killed by snakes. The barracks are high above the sea, on Morne Fortuna. They are very solidly built, as the island is in the line of hurricanes. We had strong iron *jalousies* outside the windows, closed by means of huge crowbars, to resist the winds.

I next visited the Island of Dominica, which does not seem to be much frequented nowadays; we had a detachment there. It is well worth a stay of a few weeks, as it is a lovely island, rich in the most luxuriant tropical vegetation; tree ferns, and all kinds of flowering trees and luscious fruits abound. The granadillo (the fruit of the passion-flower) comes to perfection here. In the interior are some very curious *souffrières* (sulphur springs), and we made a longer inland excursion to visit some of the now almost extinct race of Caribs, the aboriginal inhabitants of the island. One day, after a row along the coast, having returned very heated, we were induced

to rest at a friend's house on the road to our mountain abode; I took a severe chill which resulted in fever. It certainly appears to me that the stronger and more in training you are, so much the more severely does a fever in the West Indies lay hold of you. Whether or no, it was so in this case, and, being very far gone, I lay at the hotel at Roseau (the capital) for a whole day, listening to my *own* coffin being made in the back yard, as there is a penalty of ten dollars if a corpse be kept more than six hours after death. It had not exactly a reviving effect, when my black nurse informed me, "Dey making de coffin for Massa, but me no tinkee Massa going to die yet." These faithful creatures never give up hope, even in the worst stages of *yellow-fever*, which mine was not. Many a man has been given up by the doctor with, "He will not last more than ten minutes, and, another now requires my care"; but the black nurse has seen the eyes of the moribund wandering in the direction of some champagne bottles, and given him a drink with astonishing results. There is an officer, now in high command in the East, who was thus twice given up by the doctor in the West Indies thirty-nine years ago! With great kindness, the Governor invited me, when convalescent, to stay at Government House, and there, in a few weeks,

health and strength returned. My kind host took great interest in the fauna and flora of his beautiful island; he had a large collection of birds and animals. Among them were two splendid specimens of spider monkeys, which were allowed into the dining-room at dessert; they would walk into the room arm-in-arm and take their seats side by side on one chair at the table, and sip their wine from liqueur glasses with as much decorum as though they were Christian folk. These monkeys have great strength and tenacity in their prehensile tails. It is related by Darwin how he found it necessary to cut down a tree in order to secure a monkey that he had shot, which was hanging, *after death*, by its tail to a branch.

A fortnight in Martinique was very delightful, with an introduction to the Governor. It was particularly interesting, as "la guerre en Mexique" necessitated all the French regiments *en route* for Vera Cruz leaving their depôts at Martinique. Mont Pelée was then very quiescent. St. Pierre, the military capital, is a handsome town, and was very gay and lively; "the place" St. Pierre, where stands a white marble statue of the Empress Josephine, who was a creole of Martinique (which means that she was born there of French parents), is a very large square,

and *then* resembled a camp. Zouaves, Turkos, chasseurs d'Afrique, with all the vivandières of the various corps, gave it a most picturesque appearance, and martial enthusiasm was the order of the day. Once, when walking out, I stopped a soldier of the line and asked him to show me the way to an old fort called in the map "le fort de Bourbon"; his reply was, "Mais, Monsieur! vous voulez dire le fort Napoléon," and he indicated the way.

The Governor, a retired Admiral, had a very pretty house and grounds. One day there, after déjeuner, an A.D.C. told me, *à propos* of the awful number of deaths from cholera at Vera Cruz, that the numbers were always divided by ten before being published in the official accounts in the journals, so as to minimise the depressing effect on the troops. With most exquisite French taste, a lovely valley, adorned by nature with the richest tropical vegetation, and through which a picturesque streamlet winds among the rocks, had been utilised and most artistically laid out, as the Jardin Botanique.

The fine islands of St. Vincent and Granada were afterwards visited, and I then returned to head-quarters at Barbadoes. A week afterwards yellow-fever broke out in Cantonments, and the British regiment there (the Scots Fusiliers) was at once sent away up to Gun Hill,

some miles away. The question was then asked: "But what is to be done with the 1st West?" "Oh! they are all niggers, they don't get yellow-fever." "What, are the thirty English officers in the regiment not liable to yellow-fever?" "Ah! true! well send them across the savannah into the 21st Barracks." This was done, and seven officers—the doctor of the regiment being the first—died in the next ten days. It was miserable work, and much comment was made upon it. Of course the P.M.O. said it was the fault of the General, and the General said it was the P.M.O.'s; so many tongues wagged, the little darkies became well up in the "Dead March," and, of course, it was *nobody's* fault. Perhaps we may now hope that Professor Sanorelli has found the yellow-jack bacillus and that an antidote may follow in due course.

A very welcome order soon wafted me to Trinidad, by many considered the most beautiful of all the Windward Islands. The entrance through the Bocas, to the Gulf of Paria (called by Spaniards "el Golfo triste") is very fine, and the port of Spain, the capital, is a gay and lively town. It was carnival time when we arrived, and everything was *en fête*; invitations to several "dignity" balls reached us before we left the steamer; these are

marvellous entertainments, characterized by a charming absence of formality. Many of the quadroon and octoroon girls are very fine creatures, with good eyes and perfect teeth, which, as they laugh much, they display to advantage. They like to appear very décolletées, and are very free and unconventional in their ideas and manners; and certainly cannot be said to take their pleasures sadly. On arrival at a new station, a fine young girl will march up to your rooms, carrying a basket of fruit and flowers, just by way of showing herself to you and finding if she suits you. They call a present like this a "dash." I had an invitation card presented to me on landing, worded thus:—"Miss Leonora R. present de compliment to de Mr. B., and hope for de pleasure of de Dance, at de house," etc., etc.

Living *en pension* at the house of a middle-aged yellow lady, we were one day at dinner, when a curious little roasted *nondescript* was placed before us. Puzzled as to what it might be, I ventured to suggest that it was *monkey*, when suddenly, the door, which was "on the jar," flew open, and the lady above mentioned rushed up to the table, exclaiming in a high key, "Monkey!" me gar! *you* monkey! you father monkey! you mother monkey! you all darmed monkeys! oh! me gar!" Her

wrath was indeed great, but although this torrent of vituperation was received only with irreverent laughter, she gradually subsided. They are most excellent creatures at heart, fiery in temper, and rather explosive—not to say *volcanic* at times—being hypersensitive when any little thing is said or done which can be construed into a *reflection*. The subject of colour is a matter they have greatly at heart. The Spaniards have more than fifty terms expressing the exact remove from the negro, through the sambo, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, &c., down to the musti and mustifino, the last named being by law considered as whites, and allowed to sit in the House of Representatives in Jamaica. The greatest source of grief is when, by a little freak of nature, a quadroon girl contrives to give birth to a black child; the colour may be that of her great-grandfather; to fit which dire catastrophe, they have a proverb which says:—"Johnny Crow tink him piccaninny white"—(the young of the carrion vulture being born light in colour, but soon becoming dark). Many of their proverbial sayings are good, such as "Cockroach give dance, he no ask fowl," which they consider applicable to those in a humble sphere who aspire to entertain and associate with superior beings.

The natural beauties of Trinidad are very great. It is a "land of everlasting bloom"; the valley of Maraval will compare with anything to be seen in the tropics, east or west. Two gigantic silk-cotton trees 250 feet high guard the entrance to this exquisite valley, through which a winding streamlet runs down from the mountains; a narrow pathway leads through the richest vegetable growth, where are tree ferns, all kinds of flowering trees, and myriads of humming-birds burying their beaks for honey in every variety of flower. A favourite excursion was to the opposite side of the island, to see the oysters growing on the trees, as certainly they were, consequent on the tide rising to the overhanging branches. One day we sailed across the bay to a small island near the "bocas" where a fine Greenland whale had been caught and landed. Her instinct had brought her down to these tropical waters towards the end of her period of gestation, and probably she found the warmth more efficacious than even the assistance of a *sage-femme de la première classe.*

In those days there was some life in the West Indies. Many owners of sugar estates were well-to-do men who frequently spent the season in London, and October till March on their estates. Now matters have greatly

changed, and West Indian trade has greatly deteriorated. We used to hear of £15,000,000 per annum for exports, but this has now dwindled down to £6,000,000, or perhaps much less.

Demerara was one of our most flourishing colonies, and, I suppose, I may call it my headquarters during my two years in the West Indies. I returned there from Trinidad, and, some months after, was assisting to extinguish a fire in some native village in the interior. It was one night in the rainy season, and, having taken a severe chill, I was prostrated with bilious fever, and eventually invalided home. There is no other way to thoroughly renovate the constitution, after illness in tropical countries.

II.

SCAMPERS THROUGH GREECE.

Dedicated

TO

MADELLE TRICOUPI

(The Madame de Staël of Greece).

SCAMPERS THROUGH GREECE.

Scenes of deeds heroic, never to be surpassed, at which the world still wonders, and on which the imagination dwells with delight — works and achievements in art and literature which still, as ever, continue to fascinate and educate the nations—country teeming with beauty, from Tempe to Arcadia, of inexhaustible interest to philosopher, antiquarian, artist or globe-trotter—who has not longed to visit Greece? After a little dancing about in the Adriatic and Ionian seas, and enjoying fine views of the Albanian mountains, it will be found, before setting foot in Greece proper, quite an agreeable little *antipasto*, to explore some of the Ionian islands. I have found the climate of Corfu and Zante very pleasant in February; at Corfu there are frequently English yachts in harbour, as the island is much in favour with our countrymen; the sportsman may find good shooting in

Albania, especially if he does not mind roughing it; a man was there last February, who told me that his last morning he had the luck to kill a chamois and a wild boar with his two last shots, right and left.

The "Hagios Georgios" (St. George) Hotel at Corfu is very good and comfortable, and you are well treated there; it is much in favour with newly-married couples, Austrian and Hungarian, as a honeymoon resort. There are many interesting walks and drives about the island, the finest drive perhaps being to the Pass of Pantaleone and Paleocastridza (a monastery). On the way one passes thousands of very old olive-trees, which assume most grotesque forms; it is beautiful in early spring, when ranunculus, iris, violets, etc., and the cherry and plum trees are in bloom. From the Pass, looking north, is a grand view of Calypso's isle, and the rock into which Ulysses' ship was turned.

It is not many hours' steam to Zante, called by the Greeks "Zakynthos," and of which the Italians say, "Zante, Zante, fior di Levante." Zante is a beautiful island, rich in fruits and flowers, but too much favoured by *terre-moti* (earthquakes),—Saints' days being especially selected. I spent my first evening there with Mr. Forster, the well-known seismologist; he had been shewing and explaining

to me a very scientific apparatus for testing and recording the shocks, and, when wishing me "Good-night," he said, "By the way, we have not had a shock for three weeks—now we average one per week, so if there should be one whilst you are here, let me advise you to remain quietly in your bed, if you can!" I was walking out one day with the Consul and his family, to their pretty little country house at Acrotiri, where they spend the hot months, and they told me that such is the clearness of the atmosphere and the stillness, that, in the early morn, lying with their windows open, they can hear the cocks crowing across the sea at Cephalonia (twelve miles)! It was so clear that I could see Santa Maura, where is *il salto di Saffo* (Sappho's leap), and, even Parnassus in the extreme distance.

Zante is rich in currant-grapes, which form the great source of revenue in Greece and its islands; a total of 160,000 tons are exported annually—a failure of the crop means misery. I drove fourteen miles across the island to the very curious pitch springs mentioned by Herodotus, at Chieri. There is a quantity of naphtha with the pitch; petroleum also abounds in the neighbourhood.

The island of Cephalonia deserves a visit, with its good harbour of Argostŏli and its wonderful mills, where

the sea rushes into a cavern and disappears mysteriously underground; it is by far the largest of the seven islands. The inhabitants of the Ionian islands are very civilized and courteous in their ways, and resemble the Italians quite as much as they do the Greeks. An opera company comes to Corfu and also to Zante in the winter months, and the people are very given to music and song, thanks to their having been so long subject to Venice. The English are well received in the islands, of course; the old roads, in many parts, are much about as we left them in 1863.

It is a pleasant little voyage across to Patras, touching, *en route*, at Missolonghi. I arrived on a Sunday at Patras; it was a gala day. The handsome and picturesque old Greek dress is very striking, with the rather effeminate-looking *fustanella* (skirt), and the richly embroidered jacket and vest, which are often heirlooms in the family. On my way to the hotel I came upon a large crowd of people; they were witnessing *al fresco* operations by a dentist (gratis, it being Sunday). He was on a raised platform, and his victim was a boy; the people were much entertained, and chortled at the grimaces of the sufferer; the extraction being completed the tooth was tossed into the midst of the assembly and

the operator struck an attitude, as much as to say, "Isn't it wonderful?" The boy descended and *then* joined in the laughter, and went on his way rejoicing. From the battlements of the old Venetian fort is a very fine view of the Gulf of Corinth and the opposite shore. The fort is used now as a prison. One fellow with a grotesquely villainous visage and red beard had succeeded in thrusting his head through the ventilating hole of the door, to look around; he was quite a study, and I much regretted not having my kodak at hand. At the church I first witnessed a Greek funeral ceremony: an elderly lady was laid out on her bier, dressed as in life, in the middle of the church; after much lugubrious chanting she was placed in a half-sitting posture, with her open coffin in front of her, on the hearse, and then, followed by about twelve carriages, was driven gaily through the town. This excellent system is considered in the event of suspended animation to give the unfortunate corpse a chance of revival, by a little shaking up, and is far more satisfactory than screwing it down within twenty-four hours of the supposed death. Patras is a great commercial town, but there is not very much to entice the traveller to make a stay, and he soon moves on along the railway skirting the Gulf of Corinth,

enjoying very lovely scenery for the whole way. Since the completion of the canal through the celebrated Isthmus, Corinth has much improved, and can now boast of a good hotel, etc. From the summit of the Acro-Corinthos there is a very magnificent view; it is perhaps the grandest panorama in Greece, but travellers from the far West must not enquire for Vesuvius, when looking for Parnassus or Taygĕtus! Somewhere near the summit, I had just picked a piece of euphobia, which I was looking at, when suddenly a boy, whom I don't think I had observed, exclaimed loudly, "bono, bono" (the only words he knew outside his own language), and drew his hand violently across his throat, at the same time casting up his eyes and putting out his tongue; this was all kindly meant to explain to me that it was poisonous.

This was in 1890, and, it being my first visit to Greece, I quickly pushed on along a most interesting line of rail to Athens, anxious to arrive at my head-quarters, and thence to radiate off to the countless places of extreme interest.

A stay at Athens is very agreeable in the spring—the hotels are good, the people are kindly and pleasant, and if the traveller does not become a *philhellène*, I am sorry for him. The more one knows of the glories of

TEMPLE OF NIKE APTEROS.

Athens, the more one gets to feel in sympathy with Greece, if not with the Greek people. Thirty-three visits to the acropolis, for never less than three hours, have only increased my admiration for it. Nevertheless, I cannot agree with the barbarian who has caused all the beautiful gold-coloured lichen, on those western columns of the Parthenon, to be cleared away. It was while sitting under these columns that Byron wrote his unequalled description of a sunset:

> "On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle,
> The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
> O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
> Though there his altars are no more divine."

During their occupation of Greece the Turks used the Parthenon as a powder magazine, and it was a German subaltern in the Venetian force bombarding Athens who fired the bomb which caused the explosion, wrecking the glorious temple.

In the course of my three visits to Greece, I have had the good fortune to become acquainted with several people with whom it has been an extreme pleasure to visit the many splendid classical remains in Athens and its environs. Young ladies who know Sophocles and the comedies of Aristophanes by heart, whose favourite

author is Plato, and who are in every way charming, and free from affectation and conceit, are not always met with; their society educates one's taste, and assists one to appreciate the beautiful in everything.

It was with a party of about sixteen people I started

THE ERECHTHEUM.

one morning, and embarked at the Piræus for the island of Ægĭna (it is thus pronounced in Greece), in hopes of exploring the old Doric temple there. The distance is about eighteen miles. It was a lovely morning; the old steam launch on which we were rolled a great deal.

When about one and a half miles from the island a fat German contrived to fall overboard; adipose tissue prevented his sinking, and his "Baedeker" floated by his side; much consternation prevailed, but with difficulty he and his "Baedeker" were recovered, and we went about and returned to Piræus, so that he might receive the attention he seemed to require. Having regained terra firma, we had *déjeuner* on the old fortifications, viewing on one side the Piræus acropolis, where Thrasibulos encamped, of old; and on the other the roadstead of Salamis, which we afterwards explored as far as the two disputed thrones of Xerxes. I think our Girton scholar inclined to the idea that it was on the head of the promontory opposite the little isle of Psyttaleia that the Persian monarch sat when he saw the:—

"Sons of the Greeks, advance!
. . . .
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak,
Dashed furious . . . ."

as described by Æschylus, who was present at the glorious fight.

Another day we made a *successful* trip to Ægina, and much enjoyed it. But perhaps the finest *one-day* excursion round Athens is to the top of Pentelicus, where the

pure white marble is quarried, and of which the Parthenon is built. One bright morning, a large party, we started early and drove to near the foot of the mountain. At a chapel where we alighted a christening was about to commence; we were invited to enter and witnessed at a most pleasing little ceremony: the priest, a kindly, benevolent-looking man with a fair beard, was holding up the naked little one before the Cross, then he dipped it and held it up three times — the child squealing vehemently, the mother crying, and the girls around all giggling; then the anointing took place with a little sponge at the end of a stick, which was dipped in the holy oil and inserted into every aperture in the body of the child.

We then had refreshment outside a monastery close by, where there is a good spring of water. The walk from here is over very rough ground to the summit, which is 3,650 feet; arrived there, we sat down and looked over the whole plain of Marathon, with the historic mound to the heroes in the centre; on the other side we looked over Salamis, and could descry Parnassus in the distance; the whole of Attica lay at our feet—this magnificent view is surpassed only by that from the Acro-Corinthos.

THE LATE PATRIARCH OF ATHENS.

One great thing to convince oneself of, is that in Greece you may wander about without fear of brigands, as, excepting in the north near the frontier, it is absolutely safe, and there has not been a case of brigandage since 1875, when Mr. Vyner was killed. It is far safer to wander alone through the whole of Morea than in the country lanes between Canterbury and Maidstone, especially after the hopping season.

A year or two before the war I was very anxious to visit the far-famed Vale of Tempe and whatever else I could see of the northern frontier, but a raid committed by between twenty and thirty desperadoes from the Turkish side caused me to pause awhile. It was my charming friend, Mademoiselle Tricoupi, the sister of the Prime Minister, then in the height of his power, who raised my hopes of visiting those parts. This most talented and accomplished lady (the Madame de Staël of Greece) holds a reception daily, at which are to be met all the best people in Athens, residents and visitors; she is, heart and soul, most enthusiastically a Greek, and was of the greatest assistance to her brother, the late Prime Minister, of whom she was, naturally, so proud; it was a great sorrow to her when he died at Nervi, in April, 1896. Would that he, the statesman, the Greek

par excellence, had lived, and retained possession of his health and energy for another few years, and perhaps averted the crushing humiliation of 1897!

Three weeks had elapsed since the raid by brigands above alluded to, and a great scare had been caused thereby; however, Mdlle. Tricoupi informed me that the nomarch of Lārissa (the capital of Thessaly) considered that it was now safe, and that her brother had directed him to give me a guard of soldiers to escort me to the Vale of Tempe, on my arrival at Lārissa. I soon made my arrangements, and as it was clear and fine weather, I embarked in a small Greek steamer for the north. We rounded Cape Colonna and Sunium with its grand old columns, the remains of the old temple to Athena; then we passed Laurion, and were soon coasting along the fine island of Eubœa, and I could follow with my glass the road to Eretria with its acropolis and some remains. Next day we reached Khalkis, where the channel is very narrow between Bœotia and Eubœa. Here runs the wonderful Euripos (pronounced Evrĭpos), which has puzzled sages of all times; here, in the tideless Mediterranean, is a current so strong that often the steamers cannot proceed against it. The extraordinary feature is that after flowing, perhaps for three hours,

from north to south, there is a lull, and then it begins flowing in the opposite direction; it is very variable, and sometimes flows for twelve hours and more in the same direction. The legend is that Aristotle himself, in bewilderment and despair at not being able to explain it, leapt in disgust into the current. An English admiral bought a house adjacent on the banks, and studied it for fifteen years; in "Murray's Guide to Greece" is his explanation of it, which *perhaps* may be convincing to his friends; his widow was living there at the time of my visit.

On reaching the port of Volo, next morning, a Greek gentleman on board advised me strongly to go by rail to Trikăla and Kalabaka and see the monasteries of Meteŏra before I went to Lārissa. I took his advice and much enjoyed the route, passing near the mighty Pelion, keeping Ossa in view, then past the old battle-field of Kynoscephalæ, to Valestino junction; then, keeping Olympus to the north, full in sight, past the famous battle-field of Pharsālos (now called Phersăla), where Cæsar and Pompey met and fought; then we were favoured with splendid views of Mount Pindus and the whole range to the west. We then passed Trikăla, and soon reached Kalabaka, where the polite station-

master procured me a guide to the wonderful monasteries of Meteŏra, each one perched on the summit of a separate and apparently inaccessible huge rock; after three-quarters of an hour's climb from Kalabaka, we reached the foot of the Hagia Trias (Holy Trinity); several holy men with huge beards appeared, some 300 feet above, to inspect us, and lowered from a little platform some water for us; to ascend to the platform by the rope with a small net which they next lowered did not look much more inviting than the perpendicular rope ladder, so I preferred to pass on to inspect the finest of the monasteries, the Hagios Stephanos, to which there was another considerable climb, finishing with a draw-bridge, which was raised after we had crossed. I had here a most entertaining dinner *tête-à-tête* with the prior—a fine, handsome old man; he spoke nothing but Greek, of which I had picked up the merest smattering; sardines, eggs, fine olives, bread and vegetables were produced in plenty, but not a sardine or an egg would my worthy host touch, as, in Lent, the Greeks will eat nothing but that which is of vegetable growth. Presently some really good old Greek wine was produced, and, of course, it being *vegetable*, we both could do justice to it. My Italian and Greek phrase-book was brought out to assist

A GIRL OF THESSALY

us in the "flow of soul"; he opened it accidentally at a very interesting dialogue between a young lady and her maid on the subject of various articles of underclothing. He read it out, and it tickled his fancy greatly, bringing, no doubt, happy days to mind! The kind and courteous father escorted me to my room for the night, and right well did I sleep in that fine pure air, some 1,500 feet above the plain, and in perfect security from brigands. I had been advised to go no further than the monasteries, towards the frontier, as they are situated in the north-west corner of Greece, where it approaches Albania; so I next morning started for Lārissa, which was reached in the evening, and having arranged with the nomarch (the préfet) that my guard of soldiers should be in readiness early in the morning, I spent my first night at a Greek *Xenodochion* (inn)—the accommodation is always rough, but this one is far better than many. The guard of three soldiers and, I think, a police inspector, arrived at day-break, all well armed and mounted. I was in readiness, and, with food for the day, we started for the Vale of Tempe. Thanks, many, to the immortal gods of old Greece for allowing me to see their glorious home (Mount Olympia) in such splendour, towering above to nearly 10,000 feet; Mount Ossa, too, with pyramidal head snow-capped.

At the entrance to the celebrated vale, which is a beautifully wooded defile between those two mountains, and high aloft, is an old mediæval castle; we follow the Peneios as it rushes through the gorge to the Gulf of Salonica. The vale throughout (about five miles) is most picturesque, with plane-trees, willows, clematis, and wild vines growing in luxuriance, high up the wild and rocky sides. It was a very hot day, and it was delightful on reaching the far end to while away a few hours by the sea, from which there was a gentle breeze.

Before sunset we were again nearing Lārissa, with its twenty-seven minarets giving it so oriental an appearance; several Turks were living there, mostly land-owners. I took the train next morning back to Volo. The clouds were collecting and all the mountain tops obscured; soon came the rain, but my little run through Thessaly and to the northern frontier had been most satisfactorily performed; and if Canon Farrar and Dr. Livingstone, whom I had met at the "Angleterre" at Athens, had not been exercised so much about their dragoman and their cook, they might have enjoyed the same excursion. On enquiry, however, at Athens the following spring, I found that I had been the *only* traveller that year to the northern frontier.

I embarked again at Volo, and although the weather was bad, I was determined to make the necessary *détour* to visit Thermopylæ. The next evening we anchored in the Bay of Lamia, and had twenty minutes' sail to Stillitza, and put up at a *Xenodochion*, which, not to enter into details, I cannot recommend. The next morning, having descended to consume some eggs and coffee, a swarm of inhabitants crowded round me, examining my topee and looking over my book. At last, finding them too odoriferous, I became disgusted, and, mounting my chair, commenced an address in emphatic English with much gesticulation ; they, not understanding a word, gradually dispersed, chortling and exchanging looks, as though they deemed me a maniac, and I was left in peace. A few hours' drive took me to Lamia, near Mount Othrys ; there were several young Englishmen here, engaged in the survey. The French have an educational institution here, the superintendent of which is the Consular-Agent. The day after my arrival was the anniversary of the proclamation of Greek Independence, and was ushered in by the thundering of drums. All was astir, flags everywhere—the French tricolour conspicuous ; a procession was formed, and an oration delivered in front of the

statue of a priest, who was also a general, and who had led a force of Greeks successfully against the Turks in 1821. All was *en fête;* in the evening Matthew Arnold's play "Merope" was performed in French by the young ones of the institution. Next day I drove to Thermopylæ. The warm springs (which the name signifies) are still existing. Although the sea has receded, you can see where the wondrous fight took place, and the mound on which Leonidas made his final stand on finding himself attacked in rear by the force which Ephialtes (the traitor) conducted round by the mountain gorge, which you may follow. Of course, it is a *pleasure* to stand on the very ground ; but it may be seen from across the bay with a good glass.

After a night on board a very small steamer, we were again at Khalkis, where they were busy in demolishing the picturesque little Venetian fortress on the rock which divides the Euripos into two channels, with a view to widening the passage for steamers. The weather was so bad that Thebes, Tanāgra, and Orchoměnos had to be left unvisited, and in two days more we were back in Athens.

Next day was the Greek Good Friday. At the cathedral the form of crucifying a lay figure was carried out,

GIRLS DANCING AT MEGARA ON EASTER TUESDAY.

and in the evening, all over the town, there were fire-works, exploding chatties, and ringing bells; the populace could not restrain their joy at the long fast being nearly over. On Easter Eve enormous crowds collected to see the processions, and the balconies at the "Angleterre" were filled with visitors. Thousands of candles, in addition to the electric lighting, illuminated the square. Every Greek carried a candle, priests were in all their glory, officers *en grande tenue*, banners, dead Christs, were everywhere; the eldest son of the King was conspicuous in the procession. On Easter Sunday there were great rejoicings. There had been an enormous slaughter of lambs (*agnelli di pasqua*), and great feasting was going on, making up for lost time. Only a few visitors were to be seen at the afternoon promenade at Phalĕron; feeding was the order of the day.

On Easter Tuesday there were highly interesting and quite unique festivities at Megăra, and it is a delightful little trip there through the Straits of Salamis. Women from all parts collect there, and perform old national dances in costume; all the young unmarried girls have their fine hair down, with their dowries in gold and silver attached; frequently as many as thirty girls are linked cross-handed together, and I was told that the performance

is a relic of the old Pyrrhic dance. They take about six paces to the right, then as many to the rear, next to the left in similar way, at the same time singing. It is all very effective; the whole plain is covered with them. A very few men dance with the girls, many of whom are very good-looking indeed, and they are all most earnest about the dance. There is no noise or vulgarity, no roughness or drunkenness whatever, in the evening; the girls giggled much whenever I took a snap-shot with my kodak at a group, as they were standing at ease—I took twenty-two in the course of the day.

The summer at Athens may be said to commence at the middle of April, and as the sun has considerable power after 10 o'clock, one may spend many an hour at the highly interesting museums — Dr. Schliemann's fine collection will well repay any number of visits. There is a small museum, not often visited, called the "Epigraphicon," where Dr. Wilhelm (an Austrian specialist) has deciphered many very ancient inscriptions, some dating from *600 B.C.;* some of these are beautifully engraved with the clearest possible letters. The lines are read from right to left and left to right alternately; the punctuation is such that there can be no possible mistake, a full stop consists of nine dots, thus ⁘, other

stops of six, thus ⁝⁝, others of three; the letter χ is X; they represented numbers by letters, H is 100 (hecaton), Δ (deca) is 10, Γ is 5; to represent 50 they wrote (a *5* with a *10* pendant).

The collection of vases in the National Museum is very valuable. It was a great pleasure to attend some lectures delivered there by Mr. Cecil Smith, the kind and courteous head of the British School of Archæology. He explained and proved that the pictorial art is more ancient than that of writing, and, having made the study a speciality, his explanations of the pictorial scenes from real life depicted on these ancient vases were of the greatest interest.

In ancient times the Greeks, having escorted the dead, held a banquet round the tomb, much as the Irish are given to holding a "wake." The vases (lekĕthi) out of which they had drunk to the happiness of the dear departed, were placed in the tomb; such a banquet was held annually round the mound at Marathon. Many of these vases are found in fragments, and were broken probably on purpose, just as we throw a glass over the shoulder after drinking a health; it is also probable that they answered their purpose in the tomb, as well as if they had been whole. Painting these vases was especially

a great art, and scenes from real life were represented, such as we find on the walls in tombs of the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks largely borrowed their religious ideas. As a rule they were not very artistic in design—why should they be? Mr. Cecil Smith, in one most interesting lecture, mentioned that Aristophanes speaks of some man with contempt, as "one who painted *lekĕthi* for the dead." Some of the wealthier classes placed small terra-cotta statuettes of more or less beauty in the tombs. The lecturer called attention to a kind of vase called a "leuctrophŏros," which was placed in the tomb of an unmarried adult; in the case of a girl it was decorated with a bridal wreath, the deceased being regarded as the bride of death. Even now, I am informed by a lady from Salonica, the corpse of an unmarried girl is dressed as a bride with orange-blossoms, etc. It is curious to observe that the converse to this would appear to hold good in some parts of Europe; last season, for instance, a poem was written called "The Death of the Bachelor," meaning his marriage! Our neighbours across the Channel say "le mariage, c'est le tombeau d'amour"; and we even have heard of an unhappy one, who was "interred in the coffin called marriage, with the corpse of a dead affection."

There are few places I ever leave with greater regret than Athens; there is a pleasure in wandering about and admiring the many beauteous links with the distant past, which seems to grow upon one—there is always something fresh being discovered. In February, 1896, a young American, at some risk, contrived to take an impression of the nail holes by which some letters had been affixed to the architrave on the eastern end of the Parthenon; he very cleverly shewed what the letters must have been: it was an inscription shewing that the glorious old temple had been appropriated by "Divus Nero," as being in *his* honour! Having mixed with the Greeks daily, they seemed to me a good-natured, easy-going, *kuch-purwani*, *laissez-aller* sort of people, on all matters but politics, about which they are very keen. There is nothing very artistic in their tastes, and they are not given to music or song, except what very inferior *cafés chantants* can give, where they may sit and play dominoes and smoke cigarettes; they are kind to strangers and decidedly hospitable, as shall be shewn. They like their King—he suits them; but they are so intensely republican, and so detest titles, that they will not style the King's eldest son anything but the Διάδοχος (the successor or heir to the throne); the younger ones are simply

called the children of the King, or Βασιλοπαῖδες. All Princes and Counts have to leave their titles behind them on setting foot on the mainland of Greece. To shew to what an extent this fancy is carried, Sir Edmund Monson, our then Ambassador, had been kind enough to leave a card for me one morning at my hotel; at *déjeuner*, afterwards, a waiter brought it to me, saying, "Mr. Monson left this for you, sir." I said, "Sir Edmund Monson, do you mean?" "Yes, sir," said he, with a deprecating smile; "but we do not recognize titles, sir!"

It is, as has been so often pointed out, most surprising that our scholars will not take the trouble to acquire the proper pronunciation of Greek; to persist in reading or speaking Greek, which is not a *dead* language, as though it were English, is precisely as though you went over to France and began talking to a Frenchman about *Gee nee sice pass*, meaning "Je ne sais pas"! I know a Greek gentleman who was present and heard the speech made at Corfu (I think) by Mr. Gladstone, at the time of our ceding the Ionian islands to Greece, and he tells me that not one person present understood a word of what was said, but that when they read it the next morning in the papers, they said, "What a fine speech, would that we could have understood it!" The proper sounding

A GIRL OF ATTICA.

of the letters is quite easy, and yet English people persist and make an English *a* out of *α* (alpha), a *b* out of *β* (vita), a *d* out of *δ*, which is sounded as a soft *th*, an *i* out of *ι* (iota), a hard *ch* out of *χ*, which is a guttural, a *ho* out of *ὁ*, when there is no aspirate in the language; and so on. There is no *B* in the language, so, in despair about my name, they gave it up, and I was landed in Greece as *ὁ στρατηγός* (the General); their only way of representing our *b* is by placing a *μ* before *π*, as *μπυρον*, Byron. The orator, at the unveiling of the statue of Byron in March, 1896, spoke of him as *Lordo Vyrŏnos* (their *β* being sounded as our *v*).

The Greeks call themselves Hellenes, and their country Hellas. The Greek-speaking people of the Eastern Empire called themselves *Romaioi*, while the term Hellenes was applied to the ancient Greeks who adhered to Paganism, and so *Romaic* (the language of the people) was distinguished from Hellenic (the ancient language).

The Greeks are certainly as honest as any other people, and more so than most; in the maze of islands between Greece and Asia the inhabitants have been certainly noted in past times for their piratical doings, and it is probable that these gentry and their compatriots of Smyrna, Constantinople, Alexandria, etc., so

many of whom have left their country for their country's good, approximate to what the French mean by *un grec*, as descriptive of a *chevalier d'industrie*, rather than one *sans reproche*. The men have a peculiar little fancy for playing with a string of beads: it is called a *comologhion*, and has no signification beyond a habit of keeping their hands employed. They are fond of pets, such as dogs, birds, etc. I was calling at a house in Athens one day, where they had a parrot which kept calling out παπαγάλο ὡραῖο, equivalent to "pretty Polly."

They are not altogether free from superstitious ideas. There is a gentle slope on the hill of the Nymphs, down which young women who love their lords, but find that, from some cause or other, they are unable to present them with a pledge of affection, are in the habit of sliding in a sitting-down posture; it is apt to cause them a slight temporary inconvenience, and has worn the rock very smooth. They say that this is as efficacious as a summer in Kashmir, or a hot bath at Hong Kong, but not equal to a little of that pulverized stone from *la grotte de laït* at Bethlehem stirred up in a glass of water from the Jordan!

About the beginning of April is the time to start for a run through the Morea or Peloponnesus, and perhaps

as agreeable a way as any is to take the rail to Corinth, and then a six hours' drive viâ Nemea, to the far-famed Mykenæ, with its treasuries thought to be the tombs of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, its Gate of Lions, and its citadel, which must have been an impregnable stronghold.

Nauplia deserves a stay of a few days at least; it was the capital for many years, until the time of King Otho; and under the Venetians, who held it up to 1540, it was a strongly fortified town. The view from the summit of the Palamidi is superb. It is but a short walk to the ruins of Tiryns with its Cyclopean walls and its wonderful galleries, constructed of huge stones, each one overlapping the stone below it until they meet above, forming a rude arch. It was when returning from Tiryns to Nauplia, on foot, that two enormous and savage dogs came at me from over a wall; no hurling stones at them could drive them off, and I certainly did not try the plan, recommended by some, of *sitting down quietly;* I yelled, and at length a man came out from a garden gate and called them off, but even while he was speaking to me, one of the brutes crept round and silently was making a rush for me. The man, who talked Italian, told me it is absolutely necessary to keep them, to guard the vine-

yards and orchards. He told me of the Greek word *οχσα*, which rarely fails to keep a dog off,—the sole danger in Greece is from the dogs, and they often go for you silently. In company with Mr. Gardner, the then superintendent of the British School of Archæology, and his wife, I enjoyed a drive of seven hours from Argos to Tripolitza, where, at the *Xenodochion*, I met a Greek officer, who most kindly gave me an introduction, which afterwards proved of great service. Next day a fine drive of eight hours, through picturesque valleys and over 3,000 feet, brought us to Megalopolis, where I met a number of young Cambridge men who were studying and superintending the excavations, etc.—a fine theatre with seats for 30,000 spectators had been brought to light. I was told here that the first idea of a theatre seems to have been a circular place, in which the round dance took place—just as represented in Julio Romano's exquisite picture of the "Dance of Apollo and the Muses"; this circular place was called the *orchéstra*, and there was often an altar in the centre; the chorus took part in the dance, called *choreia*, the spectators stood or sat around, and thus gradually the Greek, and afterwards the Roman, theatre was developed. Here we met Mdme. Schlieman's brother, who is an archæologist under the Government;

he shewed us some peculiar gold coins which they used to place in the mouths of the dead, and many other curiosities. The *Xenodochion* (inn) here is not to be recommended, in fact, it is but a *khan*; the filth was so outrageous that I covered myself with carbolic soap and insect powder, and tied a sack, for sleeping in, round my neck, and am happy to say that I *escaped*. With an excellent pony and an *agogiat* (a boy) I went next day through the cornfields, followed by a good climb to Karytæna, some three hours off; its impregnable mediæval castle is finely situated 2,000 feet above the sea. The whole population turned out to inspect me, when I entered a *khan*, and consumed eggs, olives, black bread, and drinkable coffee. We then passed over a spur of the Lykæon, on which Rhœa, the sister and wife of Kronos, gave birth to Zeus (Jupiter) himself! The way is very rough, and passes over high mountain slopes, across fine torrents, through lovely glades, and finally over some projecting ledges of rock, far below which, running through a tremendous gorge, runs the river Alpheios. The whole scenery is grand in the extreme, and will well bear comparison with anything in Europe. In torrents of rain I now arrived at Andritzœna, and went straight to present my letter of introduction from the

Greek officer alluded to above. It was to the banker, and I was simply mentioned as the "Strategos" (my name not being comprehended). He shook hands with me and welcomed me; I shewed him that I was wet through and should like to change. Afterwards madame and her daughter brought in a large *brassēro*, round which they arranged my things to dry—this was in the centre of the drawing-room. They all spoke nothing but Greek, and two hours were then spent in hunting out for something to say in my phrase book. At nine o'clock, to my great delight, they took me in to supper. Nothing could exceed their kind solicitude that my plate should be piled up and my glass filled—madame and her daughter (a girl of eighteen) doing all the waiting, in the intervals of eating. On a somewhat hard bed I slept well, after thinking it all over, and wondering if there is another country where a passing traveller (name unknown) would be thus received and welcomed. Next morning, at breakfast, they had brought the wife of the schoolmaster, who was from Athens and understood French, to interpret for me. I expressed my gratitude, and explained through her to my kind host that I must move on, as I could not think of thrusting myself on his kind hospitality for a second night. He answered that

he should feel hurt if I did so, as he wished I had been going to stay for a month with them. He then procured me a guide, and having found my two Cambridge friends whom I had fallen in with the day before, and who had slept at a wretched *khan*, we walked out to Phigaleia, where we visited the grand old Temple of Apollo, at Bassae, a desolate glade near the summit of a mountain of 4,000 feet. In a wild and most deserted region, where every tree appears to be dead, is the most impressive old Doric temple to the great Sun God, who was here worshipped as the god of health. It is small wonder that the Sun God was the favourite deity, worshipped by all, of old. All that man requires appears dependent on the sun: there would be no grass in the fields, no coal in the mine, snow on the Himalayas, or water in Niagara, were it not for the great orb of day. There is "sunshine stored everywhere." Terrible earthquakes here have left their marks by dislocating some of the columns. In the inner part of the temple is some fine Ionic architecture; nothing I have seen could be more impressive than the silent eloquence of these ancient remains, with their weird but harmonious surroundings. On a magnificent altar-stone in the *episterion* we made a good *déjeuner*, and drank to the health of the good god and all the muses.

Having been again most hospitably treated by my kind Greek host, at whose house I remained another night, I arose at four a.m., discharged my *agogiat*—who suddenly had discovered that he had a bad foot—joined my two friends, and with good horses started for a long twelve hours' march to Olympia. It was a splendid morning as we wound over the mountain slopes for miles, till we reached a truly Arcadian vale, with copious streams, and rich with flowers, and musical with the songs of the early birds. We passed several mountain villages till we reached Greka, near which we breakfasted under a fine sycamore, whose delicious shade we appreciated, as the sun's heat had been very great; Lucas, my friends' dragoman, was proved an excellent caterer and cook; then came a little tobacco and *otium cum dignitate;* but we had many a rough mile before us over mountain passes and slopes, and it was necessary, said the dragoman, to cross the Alpheios (separating the beautiful Arcadia from Elis) before the god of day descended. Onwards we went for several hours, climbing over rocks and slopes, and wading streams; the *agogiates* encouraged one another by singing, or rather *droning* (because no Greeks sing, or have the faintest ear for music), and its monotony became wearisome in the extreme. The day

was declining, and the classic Alpheios lay before us greatly swollen by the heavy rains; the current was rapid, and, after examining the ford, we determined that what was said to be two feet, might prove four or five. We decided to go three or four miles down stream and yell "barka! barka!" At last a sort of old punt was tooled across; my pony went up to the punt, and, laden as he was with me and my valise, etc., etc., the active little animal gave a great plunge, unexpected by me, as I had been intending to step from him into the punt; he cleared the side and we went safely *on* board, and my topee went off on the other side safely *over* board, from the jerk. It was a long business getting all across, and we did not reach Olympia, or rather Drouva (above it), till 8.30, a long day's journey.

The whole of the next day and the following were spent in exploring the most interesting remains; no one could ever forget the Temple of Zeus, earthquake-torn, with its grand columns of more than seven feet diameter overthrown—the whole temple was built of a stone called "poros," entirely composed of marine shells. The celebrated Hermes, the masterpiece of Praxiteles, is in the museum here; this beautiful statue, which stood in the Temple of Hera, was upset by an earthquake in the

fifth century, and remained lying face downwards and with both arms and legs broken, in the sands of the

STATUE OF HERMES AT OLYMPIA.

Alpheios—which often overflows its banks—until 1875, when the Germans brought these splendid remains to

light; the head was uninjured, and the exquisite face, the very highest type of ancient Greek beauty, had not even a scratch upon it, after 1,400 years.

The traveller should endeavour to visit Olympia in April, when the red anemones add greatly to the picturesque appearance of the grand old ruins.

I revisited Greece in 1896, the year of the Olympic games, and certainly Athens, to one who thoroughly appreciates it, was not at its best; the crowd was too great, and hotel-keepers, by way of welcoming their guests, raised their charges to thirty francs a day. The Royal Family had all taken great interest in the Olympic, or, more correctly, the Panathenaic games, and a fine statue had been erected to Mr. Avēros, the patriotic Greek living at Alexandria, who had presented 1,000,000 frs. to provide seats for 70,000 people in the Stadion. It was certainly a wonderful sight on the great day when the victor of the Marathon race ran in, and one of the Princes, in a fit of enthusiasm, ran by his side to the foot of the throne at the far end of the Stadion; it was witnessed by 100,000 people, whose frantic delight knew no bounds; a tailor offered to supply the victor for a year, a milkmaid said he should have milk gratis for the same time, and a dentist, determined not to be outdone

in generosity, offered to extract his teeth gratis for the remainder of his natural life. But it was indeed a pleasure to get away from the turmoil, and the more especially to an Englishman who felt that his own country was not properly represented at the games, which took place at a time when none of our University athletes, for instance, could possibly be present.

All visitors to Greece should see Delphi; but should not necessarily select the Holy Week, as I did. for paying the visit. It is a charming little trip from Corinth to Itea, the port for Salona and Delphi. Nearing the Bay of Krissa, an American lady, who with her husband was making a rapid run round, remarked to the Captain, "Well, Captain, I guess we ought soon to see Vesuvius, now—I mean to say, Parnassus." The landlord of the only *Xenodochion* at Itea will tell you frankly that he can give you only eggs, bread, and vegetables for dinner, and that, as the Greeks believe in fasting, he cannot kill the sheep, the calf, or the *beef* for you alone! From Itea it is a delightful ride of three hours through the rich Vale of Krissa, which was so frequently a bone of contention in ancient times, and then an ascent to Nea Delphi (Castri), which is 2,000 feet above the sea. The sacred spring, the Castalian fountain, from which pilgrims

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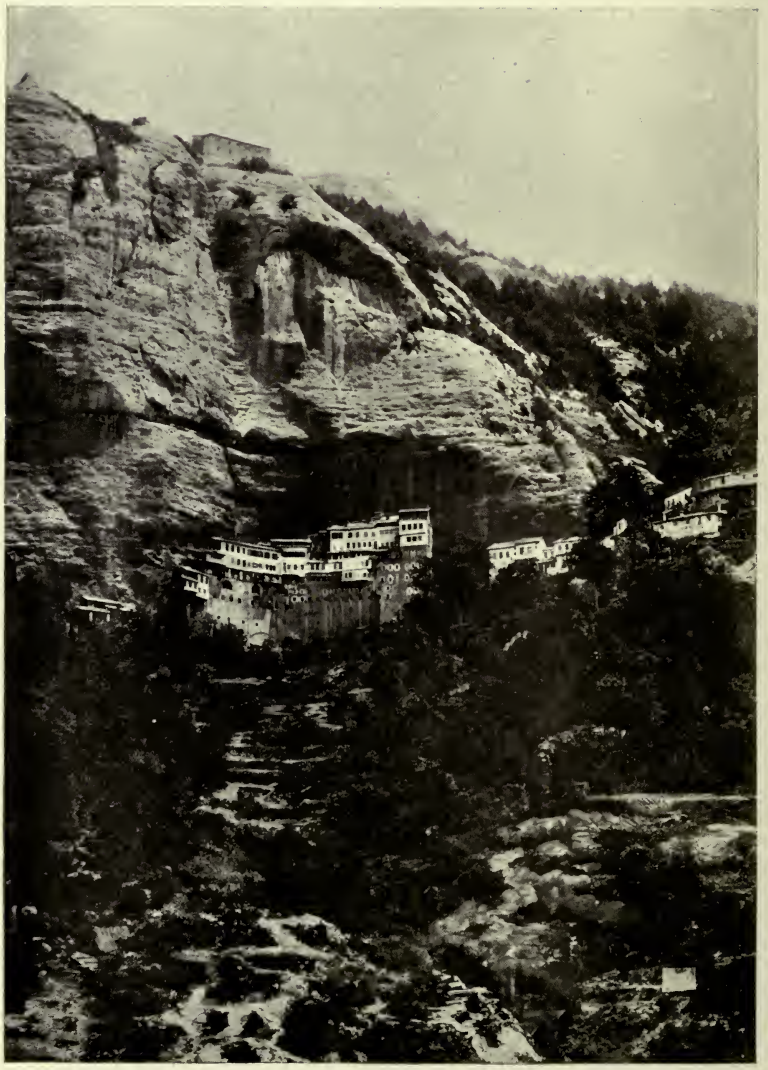

MEGASPELÆON, OR THE MAIDEN'S MONASTERY.

sprinkled themselves before consulting the celebrated oracle, is now sacred only to the *blanchisseuses*; the walk along the *Via Sacra* is most impressive, and one gets an idea of the magnificent discoveries made there by the French school, at the head of which was Mons. Homolle. Having stayed the night at Itea, the port for Delphi. I witnessed next day from the hotel verandah the arrival of about 250 French tourists; to carry them up to Delphi every quadruped in the country for miles around had been bespoken. It was a sight for the Sun God and the Muses to see the women, who were equal in number to the men, as they mounted the ponies, donkeys, and mules; many of them scrambled up over the tails of the animals, and, sitting astride, amid shrieks of laughter, the goodly company started for the shrine of Apollo.

MEGASPELÆON,

OR

THE MAIDEN'S MONASTERY.

In the mountains of the Peloponnesus, thousands of feet above the sea, is a wild region, in which the small village of *Galatæ* (now called Zachlŏrou) nestles in a

glade, banked above the classic stream *Erasimos*, which rapidly wends its way through grand and ever-varying scenery, now bounding through chasms of awful depth, and now comparatively gliding through vales resplendent with wild flowers, until it finally mingles itself with the waters of the Gulf of Corinth. This Galatæ was the home of the gentle shepherdess Euphrosyne, who, one summer's day, some 1,500 years ago, happened to be wandering on the high ground far above her mountain home; maybe she was in search of a lost sheep, or possibly in hopes of meeting that handsome shepherd friend of hers, Corydon. Led doubtless by some good spirit, or perhaps simply to avoid the mid-day heat, Euphrosyne eventually entered a huge *spēlœon* (cave) yawning at the foot of a tremendous and frowning cliff, and, in its welcome shade, was soon overcome by Nature's sweet restorer. She slept for hours, and, being a thoroughly normal and essentially feminine young woman, most naturally she dreamt of him who was never long absent from her mental vision; but at length — "A change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—a pair of wings appeared to proceed from the shoulders of Corydon, and as she awoke she seemed aware of an angel beside her, pointing towards the interior of the cave; the angel immediately vanished.

When fully awake she felt impelled to peer into the depths—dark, profound, mysterious—of this fearful cavern; advancing, at length she perceived in its recesses a faint glimmering light, on approaching which, to her astonished gaze, an exquisite picture presented itself of the *Panagia*. This was not a picture of the good god Pan; he had had his day, and a very good day it seems to have been—he had now quite gone out of fashion, and had been relegated to the ever-increasing limbo of worn-out deities. *Panagia* means literally the "all holy," and is an epithet applied to the Virgin; and, throughout Greece, to *pictures* of the *Virgin and Child*. Overcome with reverential awe, Euphrosyne fell on her knees, and, having said a long prayer, kissed the ground—a cold substitute for the "formosum pastor Corydon"—and having regained the mouth of the *spelæon*, found it was night and the gentle Luna high in the heavens. By this heavenly light she found her way, and, escaping all the perils of the precipitous paths, presented herself at home to the respected authors of her being. To them her wondrous tale seemed just a little bit shaky; the old couple had often heard of lost sheep before, and they recalled to mind more than one sad instance of a maiden who, when in quest of a stray sheep, had gone

astray herself, and lost that which a maiden should value as a pearl beyond price ; besides, they had often cautioned Euphrosyne against wandering too far with the sprightly Corydon. However, *magna est veritas et prævalebit*, and so, having thought it well over, it was deemed advisable to confide the matter to some holy men in the neighbourhood. They proceeded to the *spelæon*, and having devoutly paid reverence to the *Panagia* picture, and their emotions being at length overcome, they were convinced by their inner consciousness that it was no less than a masterpiece by St. Luke. The cave became a very holy spot and the resort of pilgrims; a miraculous spring of water came forth, which flows to this day from the mountain-side into a silver vessel in the very heart of the monastery, which, in due course, came to be erected to "the Glory of God and the Panagia," and in memory of the sainted Euphrosyne. Such is the true history of the origin of the Megaspelæon Monastery.

Now, in previous visits to Hellas, I had heard of this rarely-visited monastic establishment, but had never met anyone who had explored it. A young Greek, talking in English, had told me: "It is of many hours a climb most fatiguing, but beautiful; and when the *monkies*

(*plural of Monk!*) shall see you coming up, they shall all run down to meet you."

This glowing account determined me, and, in March, one glorious day, I left Corinth by the railway along the beautiful gulf; I detrained at *Diakofto*, where they have a funicular railway now, transporting the traveller—in two senses—along the splendid ascent to *Zachlŏrou* (above mentioned). After crossing a plain, thick with ancient olive trees, the train enters a gorge—dark, weird, and desolate—through which runs the Erinneos, a rapid mountain torrent, evidently from the snows; the lofty sides are of igneous rocks of every shade of *khaki*, and mountains entirely of conglomerate, from which enormous boulders are detached, in wild confusion here and there, as though the Titans had held strife here. Sometimes the sides of the ravine are perpendicular, and then they recede and we traverse beautiful glades, rich with wild flowers and shrubs; we pass huge clefts with the stream thundering hundreds of feet below the line, which occasionally lies close to the edge; we see dark and awful-looking caverns in the mountain side, which demons might select for their abodes—one I noticed with a number of stalactites and stalagmites apparently of limestone. The scenery increases in grandeur as we

advance, and the snow is lying in the cracks and crevices around; from a cutting through the rock we emerge on the side of a tremendous precipice with the roaring torrent below, and proceed under a huge mass of over-hanging rock of many thousands of tons, reminding me of the Bratlandsdal in Norway; around are waterfalls of every fantastic formation, rushing to swell the torrent below; the ilex and Scotch fir are the chief trees about, springing at all heights from the perpendicular sides of the cliffs; I thought the stupendously grand scenery superior in its variety to that of the St. Gothard or the Via Mala. For two hours the engine toilsomely propels our one carriage of four compartments upwards through all this magnificent scenery, ere we halt to refresh our iron horse from a small fall beside the line; here we get down, and admire a fine vista of the snows beyond. If the good old gods have forsaken these regions, certainly the nymphs are ably represented by sweet Echo, who rapturously replied, even to our shrill and unmusical whistle, as we proceeded. A few miles more of ascent and we reach Zachlŏrou (the home of Euphrosyne); it is a poor scattered mountain village, on the steep slopes of the mountain hollow. No *mularo* appearing

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A MAIDEN OF THE PELOPONNESUS.

in response to our shouts across the vale, a wild, unkempt-looking individual with very long hair, surmounted by a semi-ecclesiastically shaped hat, shouldered my valise, etc., and our steep ascent on foot commenced—we were on a level with the snows, and the pure exhilarating mountain air made the climb a pleasure. After about an hour, a turning of the path brought into view what in the distance appeared to be a number of small houses of different colours, built in three or four tiers one over the other, and all clinging to the side of a very lofty perpendicular rock; a zig-zag path through terraces of cultivated land, with here and there cypress-trees—reminders of the hated Turk—brought us in front of *Megaspelæon*. I espied the *agogiat*, who had very thoughtfully availed himself of a short cut, signalling to me to proceed up some steps, at the top of which the *Xenodóchos* (the guest-receiver) met me, and shewed me to the room apportioned to travellers, containing five beds, five chairs, one table, and one small looking-glass. In a minute or two a monk came, and, shaking hands, most cordially welcomed me, and, speaking of course nothing but Greek, escorted me to the main entrance. There, in front of the fine iron gates eight inches in thickness, with a *Panagia* (Virgin and Child), saints and

inscriptions around, sat the Holy Trinity, composed of the *Hegoumĕnos* (the Abbot) and the two *Symboloi*, all of whom most courteously acknowledged my salute, as my guide and I entered the portals. We ascended to a gallery leading to a semi-circular *loggia* with a dome and columns, decorated with pictures of Martyrdoms of Saints; from this, towards the front of the building, projected the quaint belfry with three bells; towards the *spelæon* were two very beautifully worked brass doors, but these were closed to me, *as yet*; further along the gallery I was taken to the sacred spring (Euphrosyne's), and tasted the excellent water from the rock; thence I descended to the cellars, for these holy men fully appreciate the *krassi* (wine), even in Lent—it being a *vegetable* product; further, in the *intima penetralia* of the cave, was the kitchen, a veritable *inferno*—dark, damp, and, like the *bowarchi-khana* (the cook-house) in India, not to be too curiously enquired into! By way of a little variety in the entertainment, my kind host now led me outside to a little chapel well removed from the Monastery, in which are most artistically arranged all the skulls and bones of the monks; as their space is limited, it was explained to me that a dead monk is not allowed to rest too long in his grave, but is dug up

after a few years, to make room for another; of course it is all the same to him, and no monk has ever been known to *raise* any objection, even when *raised* himself! perhaps regarding the performance as a little rehearsal for the final resurrection—*quien sabe?*

I was next taken back to the gallery, where the *Hegoumĕnos* himself met me, and opened the ὡραία πύλη (*oraia pyle*, beautiful gates) leading to the "*Templon*" and the "Holy of Holies." Here I was shown a wonderful likeness of St. Luke, and the miraculous picture by that celebrated artist, of the "*Panagia*," many beautifully illuminated books of the fourteenth century, a jewelled *mitra* which was worn by the *Metropolitan* of the time, and the very curious and much-prized *firman* signed by the Sultan of Turkey, ordering his subjects, during the troublous times for Greece early in the century, to protect the Monastery of Megaspelæon. I have been told by Greeks, that they ascribe the preservation, during the Turkish occupation, of most of the religious practices and rites of their Church—if not of their religion itself—to the monks, and chiefly to those of Megaspelæon. Having entered my name in a book kept by the *Hegoumĕnos*, and, in answer to his question, told him I was a "Protestant Christian," I left him for a walk up the

mountain. We passed the *peripateticon* (promenade), where several holy men were strolling. At the summit is a very grand panorama; my guide pointed out the snow-clad Erimanthos and Chelmos, below which is the deep ravine of the Styx. We looked down on the valley of Kalávrita and Hagia Lavra, where the Greek monks unfurled the banner against the Turks.

As we descended to the Monastery the cold was great, and my host suggested dinner; he himself brought in and laid the cloth, etc., and left it only for the *Xenodóchos* to bring in the dishes. The repast would not be considered sumptuous, mine consisting of three fried eggs, bread, and olives, and my host eating simply a soup plate of cabbage in some kind of sauce, and bread; a large bottle of *krassi* was not forgotten. Let, therefore, the epicure, the gourmet, and the gastronomic filibuster take baskets of good things with them, or keep away from Megaspelæon in Lent. During our repast my host produced a small *poliglossi*, in five languages, all in the Greek characters; it was a help to our conversation to a certain extent, but as *house* was spelt χανς, and *door* was μτωρ (there being no *h* or *d** in the language), it became tedious. My kind host himself brought in my bedding, consisting only

* The Greek Δ *(delta)* is pronounced like our *th* in *the*.

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A PEASANT OF PELOPONNESUS.

of a thick *resai*—his reason being that the *Xenodóchos* was too palpably not one who placed cleanliness next to godliness—and left me early. The night was very cold; at 3 a.m. a very restless rooster, who with his harem resided beneath my room—approving of that excellent rule, "*diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*"—must needs take time by the forelock and lustily commence salutation to the morn. Now, even the convent bells did not begin till 4 a.m. There is a way to prevent a rooster from thus asserting himself: a fine wire is run along over the perch, parallel to it and at such a height above it that when the rooster stands up, as necessarily he must, to crow, he catches his head against the wire and topples over; the hens become so irate with him for thus clumsily disturbing the perch, that at length he gives up the attempt until it is daybreak, and they all dismount—try this plan! At length the great god of day proclaimed *himself*, and, an hour after, my thoughtful host brought in for me eggs and wine, bread and coffee, after which I received a farewell visit from one of the *Symboloi*, a very fine handsome man, as many of them are, and in the prime of life; he objected to my offering payment, according to rule and custom, for my entertainment, and did not like my placing it—a small sum

of ten drachmas—on the table when I departed, as I soon did, after most kindly farewells.

These monks, about 150 in number, belong to the order called *Idiorrythmic, i.e.*, each monk has a plot of ground, and to a great extent supports himself; many of them are fine handsome men with much dignity of carriage. Ladies are welcomed to the Monastery, but have to sleep in a small house outside; it is not that the monks are deficient in gallantry and politeness, and it is not the presence of ladies they fear, but the *male lingue* (scandal). My visit to Megaspelæon had pleased me greatly; perhaps all the more from its being so rarely visited, and, as I rapidly descended to Zachlŏrou, I thanked the good gods from my heart that I had not been destined for a monk; and, in fact, felt certain that if the Eumenides had offered me my choice in the matter, I should have elected in preference to have been a monkey.

III.

RAMBLES IN THE PENINSULA.

RAMBLES IN THE PENINSULA.

CHAPTER I.

A RUN THROUGH PORTUGAL.

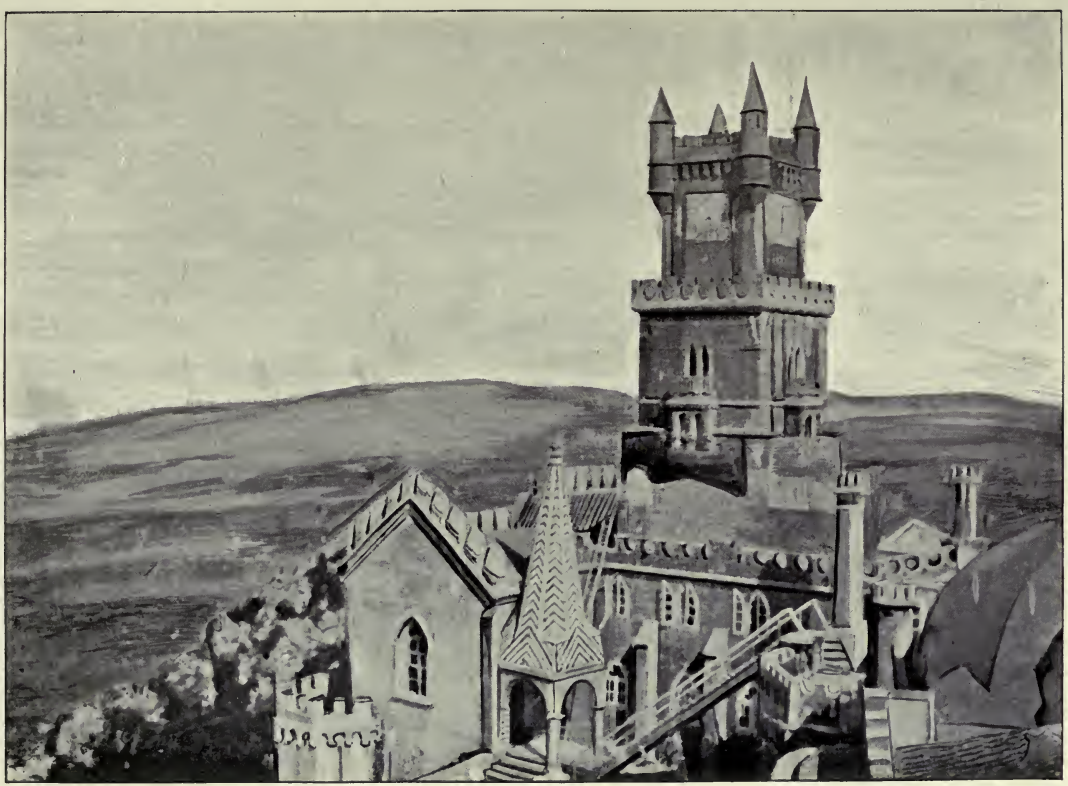
If one were regulated by the well-intended advice and reflections of many excellent stay-at-home people, I am afraid one's travels would be circumscribed indeed, and restricted to very beaten tracks. Not so long ago, a Portuguese officer (Serpa Pinto by name) had been making himself conspicuous and rather objectionable, by his efforts to distinguish himself for the benefit of his country in the Portuguese possessions in Africa; his slightly high-handed conduct had gained him credit in his own country, but was viewed with disapproval in England, and it was supposed that our countrymen were not exactly welcomed in Portugal. I had just been planning a rather extended trip in the Peninsula, so, having been duly warned and cautioned by some friends against venturing to any out-

of-the-way parts of Portugal especially—in fact, against going out of Lisbon—I started one evening early in February in a fine steamer from Southampton; dense fogs prevailed that night in the Channel, but after touching at Cherbourg it became clearer; we gave Ushant a wide berth, and next morning found us bounding along in the much-vexed Bay. We had about thirty passengers, mostly bound for Pernambuco and the "Plate," but there was too much rain and mist for the passage to be agreeable; the Atlantic was in a great state of agitation; huge rollers met our starboard bows, and we pitched, rolled, heaved, and tossed most gaily. In about forty-eight hours from starting we were again in a dense fog off Vigo, carefully taking soundings and slowly entering its beautiful bay, where we remained for the night; next day, the fog being denser than ever, we crept slowly southwards, to the hideous accompaniment of deafening fog-signals, two or three per minute; this through the whole day and the next night continued, because we were immediately in the line of so many vessels, and there was much danger of collisions. At about 2 a.m. several of us were sitting in the smoking saloon, as the incessant trumpeting rendered sleep impossible; the ship was stationary, and the fog so thick that nothing was dis-

cernible at ten yards from us; suddenly we heard a tremendous commotion in the water. On rushing out to ascertain the cause, we found that we were going full speed astern, and could just descry a huge dark mass passing at right angles across our bows; had we remained stationary this vessel must have run into us, and this veracious story perhaps never have been written. Our captain was for thirty-six hours on the bridge, and had a far more anxious time than a gale of wind would ever have caused him. At about 6 p.m. the next day a breeze sprang up and dissipated the fog; the lighthouse came in sight, we steamed into the Tagus, and soon forgot all annoyances in admiration of—"What beauties does Lisbon now unfold"; enthroned on her seven hills she has a site surpassed only by that of Constantinople. The sun's heat was such that we had to use umbrellas, and that on February 10th. There is much to explore in Lisbon, which boasts many fine buildings and squares: the Avenida (avenue) is one of the handsomest promenades in Europe, and presents a very gay appearance; all the beauty of Lisbon is to be seen there; many proud-looking *caballeros* on still prouder-looking steeds—mostly barbs—stepping in a manner that would rejoice the heart of a Bengali baboo. Their Majesties often drive there,

and the King impresses one by the rotundity of his face and form, as does the Queen by her elegance and gracious presence. Perhaps the finest panoramic view of Lisbon is from the gallery round the dome of the Church of the Estrella, at the summit of one of the highest hills on which Lisbon is built. At the chapel of St. Jean Baptiste in the Church of St. Roque are three splendid pictures in mosaic, taken from designs by M. Angelo, Guido, and Raffael.

About two miles down the river at Belem (Bethlehem) is the Real Casa Pia, a charitable religious house which was the monastery of the monks of St. Heronimo (Jerome); the architecture, especially in the cloisters, is very ornate and pleasing, and a visit there is most interesting; it is under the special patronage of the Queen, who often visits it. In the church attached to it are three *boxes* containing the remains of Camoens, Vasco de Gama, and Queen Catharine of Braganza (the consort of Charles II.); the last is in an old box not four feet in length, kept behind a dirty rag doing duty for a curtain, which the sacristan draws aside to impress the travelling Englishman! All the Kings and Queens of the House of Braganza, except our Catharine, are embalmed and kept in handsome cases in the Church of



BELEM ON THE TAGUS, NEAR LISBON.

San Vicente on the summit of a hill beyond the Castello. I found a very comfortable hotel (Hôtel Durand) kept by an Englishwoman of that name, in the Praça Camoes, but perhaps the "Braganza" would be the one to recommend for a long stay; the "Avenida" Hotel is a splendid building, furnished by Maple—the duty alone on the furniture amounted to £10,000. I have found the Portuguese a good-natured and obliging people, perhaps—like our nearest neighbours—too lavish of their promises: they vary considerably in their ideas of refinement. Like in all priest-ridden countries, there is vile cruelty to animals; one of the favourite amusements in the back slums is to dip an unfortunate rat in petroleum and set light to it, when old and young sit round and explode with laughter at the contortions of the poor animal writhing in torture. The money is, of course, all paper, and appears puzzling at first, but is not so; the dollar or milreis (1,000 reis) is equal to 5 francs. The first time I visited Lisbon I received 5,500 reis for a sovereign, and, a few years after, 6,420—according to the difference in exchange.

Thanks to the kindness and politeness of my friend, Mr. Cowper, the British Consul, who introduced me to several Portuguese gentlemen who had travelled

about and knew their country, I received information which enabled me to visit many places north and south, of great interest. Firstly came Cintra, the "glorious Eden" of Byron, about fourteen miles from Lisbon; the elevation of the little town is 2,000 feet; I have frequently visited it about the middle of February, and consider it, with its surroundings, the most beautiful spot in Europe; in the exquisite valleys between the spurs of the mountain, we find in February all the pretty wild flowers which elsewhere are appearing in April; we have here the crocus, mesembryanthemum, oxalis, periwinkle, violets, narcissus and countless others; the acacia and mimosa are in full flower, likewise the peach and the plum trees; magnolias, rhododendrons, and azaleas are all in bloom. In every direction there are *quintas* (country houses) with lovely gardens, through which are running copious streams of water with numerous tanks filled with goldfish; one *quinta* (called "Penja verde") was the home of the great navigator and ruler of Portuguese India, Jaon da Castro; it is to let and its grounds are utterly neglected; however, it is a veritable wilderness of beauty; in the garden is a path leading to a *belveder*, and passing between two columns, on which are slabs with inscriptions in Sanscrit or Pali, brought

MONTSERRAT.—THE BEAUTIFUL ESTATE BELONGING TO SIR FRANCIS COOK, AT CINTRA.

home doubtless by Da Castro; in the centre of the *belveder* is a tomb enclosing the heart of the hero; from this spot is an exquisite view of the country for miles, sloping gradually to the sea. There are many other *quintas* similarly neglected or handed over to nature, which we pass on our way to Sir Francis Cook's most beautiful domain of Montserrat, which formerly belonged to Mr. Beckford of "Vathek" fame; in these grounds are all kinds of tropical plants and flowers, growing in the utmost luxuriance; the flowering trees, the tree ferns and the extreme richness of the vegetation bring to one's mind all that is most beautiful in Kashmir or Trinidad; nature and art seem to combine with a most delicious climate to form an earthly paradise indeed; the owner only occasionally visits it, but the clever essays by his charming and accomplished wife are sold to visitors for the benefit of the poor of Cintra.

Cintra is a very favourite winter resort with those who know it and have learnt to appreciate its rare beauties and exceptionally delicious climate, and who do not associate enjoyment with crowds of 'Arries, and noise, rowdyism and vulgarity. Lawrence's Hotel can be well recommended; I met there an English general (an old 93rd officer), who was very fond of wintering in the

sunny south, but did not readily acquire modern languages, so—having always kept up his Latin—he practised it with success on the natives of Italy, Spain, and Portugal; he told me of a young man who thought he would also try the effect of his limited stock of Latin at a hotel where the landlady spoke no language but her own (Spanish); the young man had made arrangements for an excursion to last a few days, in the neighbourhood, so, when consigning his luggage to the care of his landlady previous to departure, a happy thought struck him, and he said to her interrogatively, and pointing to his portmanteau:—

"Er,—requiescat in pace?"

"Si, si, señor," she replied.

"Adios, señora, er,—resurgam," said he, and departed.

We drove one day to Cascaes, a little seaside resort of the Portuguese, near the base of the *massif* of Cintra, and had *déjeuner* over the *boca d'Inferno*—a name given to a very curious hollow, into which the sea rushes and dashes upwards through the opening on the land side with a tremendous roar.

All visit the Cintra Palace, if it is only to see the room in which the amorous King João I. was caught in the act of kissing one of the Queen's maids of honour,

NEAR CINTRA.

when he remarked it was "*Por bem*" (meaning with good intent, no harm done). There was so much chattering about it at the Court that the King directed that the room should be painted all over with magpies, each bearing a scroll in its mouth, with the words "*Por bem.*" The crowning glory of Cintra, however, is the Peña Palacio, on the highest point of the mountain; the view is unsurpassed; from the summit of the dome you view a glorious panorama, with—on a clear day—a radius of 100 miles; you look down on Lisbon, many miles of the Tagus, the hill of the Junto, and the lines of Torres Vedras, Mafra, &c., &c., and you scan the distant horizon, in the direction where Dom Manoel anxiously gazed for Vasco de Gama returning from the east.

I drove from Cintra to Mafra, and visited the Church-Convent-Palace and Military School, all in one enormous building, which is an imitation of the Escurial, It is a wonderful edifice with nearly 900 rooms, and on its roof 10,000 soldiers can be paraded: the *mecanismo* of the clock and bells is very curious. Thence I drove to Torres Vedras, and slept at an *estalagem* (inn) in a street newly named the Via Serpa Pinto. It was interesting to see something of the celebrated "lines"; it is a good walk to the top of the *serra da vela*,

whence one looks down on the field of Vimeiro, where Wellington defeated Junot's army; within three days after this victory the command of the British forces was changed three times; the convention of Cintra was afterwards signed, and, in consequence of the outcry about it raised in England, the three officers who had been in command—Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir H. Burrard, and Sir H. Dalrymple—were all ordered home to appear before a court of enquiry.

In the next few days I visited Caldas, where the baths are much frequented; thence to Vallado for Alcobaça, where, in the church, are the tombs of the lovers Dom Pedro and Donna Inez de Castro; they are very beautiful, with exquisitely fine reliefs upon them; the French mutilated many of the lovely little figures and knocked off the nose of the lady; the tombs of the lovers are placed foot to foot, in order that at the resurrection, on rising, their eyes may at once behold each other's forms. Not far from Alcobaça is the village of Aljubarrota, where the great battle was fought between the Portuguese under Dom João I. and the Castillians in 1385; the result of the fight determined the independence of Portugal. It was in pursuance of a vow made during the battle that the King afterwards

caused to be built the Convent of Batalha, about twenty miles from Alcobaça; it is a very magnificent work and is the finest architectural monument in Portugal; in the convent church is the Capella do Fundador, where the King lies beside his Queen (Philippe of Lancaster), his four sons in very ornate niches by the side, and at the entrance to the chapel is the tombstone of the man who saved the King's life in the battle; the cloisters and the Chapter House are very beautiful and in the highly ornamented Gothic style. Leiria is a convenient little town to rest at, with an interesting old castle in ruins, very picturesque and commanding an extensive view. Figueira da Foz is the Brighton of Portugal—*parvis componere magna*—with a fine seascape and sands, but very dirty; an *estalagem* (inn) with hard straw paillasses for mattresses, as usual, will give an idea of accommodation. Hence to Coimbra is through a pretty country, with orange-trees groaning with fruit (and the Portuguese oranges are delicious); it was long the capital of Portugal, and is, in every way, an interesting town; situated on the slopes of a rocky hill it is picturesque, with the river Mondego running below; it is now the great University town of Portugal, and its 1,000 or more students, who always go like our blue-coat boys with

their heads uncovered, are the noisiest set in Europe; the University crowns the summit of the hill. They are very courteous in showing the traveller round, and the splendid library is well worth a visit. On visiting the old Cathedral "Se Velha," one is reminded of the Moorish occupation, by the two large medallions at the entrance, and the full-length Moor on the right of it; here is also the tomb of Affonso Henriques, the first King of Portugal. Across the river is the Quinta das Lagrimas, the abode of the beautiful Ignez de Castro; she was the daughter of one of the Spanish nobles at the Court of Affonso IV. in 1355; the Infante, Dom Pedro, fell in love with her and secretly married her, and gave her this Quinta to live in; many courtiers, jealous of the Spaniards, induced the King to consent to the death of Ignez, and she was accordingly murdered while Dom Pedro was out hunting; on his return his rage knew no bounds and he took up arms against his father; he succeeded five years afterwards to the throne, and the corpse of his beloved Ignez was exhumed, crowned and saluted as Queen, and was carried finally in a grand procession to Alcobaça. It is altogether a dramatic love story, and the garden of the Quinta, with the Fonte dos Amores running through its shady bowers,

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THE REAL CASA PIA, NEAR LISBON.

is well fitted for the most romantic scenes in the story.

About ten miles north of Coimbra is the Sierra of Busaco, where Wellington severely repulsed the French under Masséna: afterwards, however, Masséna succeeded in turning the right of the British, and Coimbra was sacked; Wellington retired to the lines of Torres Vedras and Masséna's army for a long time suffered great distress, the country north of the "lines" having been laid waste by Wellington's directions.

In returning to Lisbon one may vary the route very pleasantly, coming by Santarem, and down the valley of the Tagus. The carnival festivities in Lisbon are quite as foolish and uninteresting as elsewhere; vulgar horse-play, talking idiotically in a falsetto voice, throwing down at the passers by, from the window or balcony, a small bag full of wet plaster attached to a string, and then drawing it back, and boys going about dressed as girls, seemed the chief characteristics. I left as quickly as possible and crossed the Tagus in a small steamer to Barreiro, and took the rail to Setūbal; an introduction to Senhor Pereira (acting British Consul) was of service; he very politely took me round the cork manufactory and the Cathedral. The great earthquake of 1755, which

destroyed Lisbon, even left its mark here, having shifted the shafts of some columns in the nave of the Cathedral some two or three inches; the Portuguese marble, known as "arabida," is greatly used in the church interiors, and is very effective. The old Convent of Jesus (now being turned into a hospital) has for its lady superior a beautiful Española, of most sweet and charming manners; she talks French well, and causes one to wish one were a patient, doctor, monk, or anything else, so that one could sojourn at that convent-hospital. One evening at the hotel, on leaving my room, I had to pass through another also fitted as a bedroom, and had the misfortune to disturb a young couple who were celebrating the evening of Mardi-gras (the last day of the carnival), by dancing a little *pas de deux;* they were locked in each other's arms, *ventre à ventre*, and were going round gaily; they stopped on my entrance, but the girl was pleased and giggled much when I begged her to proceed. In one of the streets a pretty girl on a balcony was pelted by some young fellows below with haricot beans; she was madly delighted and returned it by letting fly eggshells filled with sand at them. Setubal has a great sardine fishery and drives a good trade, having a very excellent harbourage. Fort São Philippe commands a fine view over the sur-

rounding country. A railway journey through a pleasant country brings one to Beja, which was a town of importance in the time of the Romans; it has a grand situation with its mediæval castle, from which there is a magnificent view southwards; it boasts some old Roman remains and a Museo Archeologico. The next day I passed over the great plain where was fought the great and decisive battle of Ourique, the Marathon of Portugal, where, in 1139, Affonso Henriques Count of Portugal, with 13,000 men, defeated the Moors with 200,000 men, and five kings in command! ("Unity of command," says Napoleon, "is of primary importance.") The national pride, after this victory, was so great, that the arms of Portugal were changed to the present, *i.e.*, five shields crosswise, each shield charged with five besants, thus representing the five kings and the five wounds of Christ. The country southwards is undulating and covered with olive and fig trees, for the latter of which the kingdom of Algarve is so noted. After nine hours in the train doing sixty miles, we reached Faro, the capital of Algarve. The little kingdom is very rarely visited by travellers, certainly not by those who think first and foremost of their comforts; and, to those who attach any importance to soft beds—cannot do with a straw

paillasse and pillow—cannot get over a steel fork with two prongs—cannot dine off a few eggs, vegetables, and bread—and cannot pick up enough of the *lingua* to get on with, I would say, "Come not to Algarve." The king's title is *King of Portugal and Algarve;* the word is derived from the Arabic *al gharb* (the west).

Faro, which derives its name from the important *light-house* at the extremity of its low-lying rocks, which extend for miles along the coast, is an ordinary seaport town, and really appears to be remarkable chiefly as being the headquarters of a certain Portuguese doctor, by name Costantino; he has discovered a new treatment of syphilis, for which complaint there is a large hospital; his treatment is greatly believed in in the south of Europe; he keeps it a deadly secret, and many victims of misplaced confidence flock to the hospital and to *one* of the hotels, in which the traveller need not necessarily locate himself.

From Faro, going westwards, there is a train as far as Albufeira, through a country teeming with olive and carab trees; at Albufeira I found a carriage which a Portuguese gentleman had kindly telegraphed for awaiting me, and I enjoyed a delightful ride of twenty-eight miles, now along the coast and now inland. The fig-tree here is cultivated to an enormous extent, and many

tons of figs are exported; the trees are seen here in great perfection; the main trunk of the tree is not generally more than three or four feet in height—the branches from it bending over in umbrella shape to the earth, along which they run for eight to twelve feet, then taking an upward turn; every branch throws forth innumerable offshoots, and many a tree thus covers ground of forty feet diameter. The people seem industrious and primitive in their ways, and gave me the idea that they were free from the insolent, I'm-as-good-as-you sort of demeanour, so general nowadays in most countries, and that, while respecting themselves they could respect others; I found this most distinctly characteristic of Portuguese in the agricultural districts. Portimão, my destination, is the mouth of a river, and is a little clean town, with pleasing surroundings, the hills of Monchique forming a pretty background inland; there are very fine sands here, and the rocky coast is most picturesque; huge isolated boulders of shell conglomerate, of many thousand tons weight and fantastic shapes, spring abruptly from the sands; they must be of the greatest interest to the geologist, and are formed of most exquisite shells, which separate very easily. It is a most enjoyable walk on the sands westwards to Lagos (pro. Lăgs), a small seaport;

along the whole way the slopes of the cliffs abound with wild flowers and aloes. There is a drive of twenty-five miles from Portimão into the interior; it is all mountain and valley; gradually the fig-trees disappear, the eucalyptus flourishes, and innumerable cork-trees with the bark stripped off them, and then we gradually ascend to the region of the Scotch fir and birch; in the small sheltered mountain glens the young crops appear, so great is the heat of the midday sun; the less exposed slopes are covered with a bush which they call "*stiva*," apparently a kind of gum cistus. We rest at a very beautiful spot sheltered from all winds, and called "Paraiso," and soon, at the head of a lovely valley about 3,000 feet above the sea, we come suddenly on the Caldas de Monchique, celebrated for the warm baths which have been in high repute for centuries. Over the entrance to the establishment are the royal arms and the date 1692; there is a legend that royalty visited the place in 1450; the baths are managed on the German system; the surroundings of the place are of great beauty, and the term "Paraiso" is most appropriately given to the whole valley; one might linger here with much delight, as the "*estalagem*" is good, and fairly provided. The great attraction to the traveller is the ascent of the

Foya; a "*burro*" (donkey) to mount now and then is advisable, as it is a good climb; two boys in addition attached themselves to my service, to encourage the "*burro*" by alternate cries of "Ah! C-c-cruz!" and "Ah! Pur-r-ro!" In about an hour's easy ascent we passed the little mountain town of Monchique; it was market day, high carnival was being held, and certainly our modest little caravan did not court much notice, but nevertheless everything was interrupted, and it is certain that a speckled boy, a fat woman, a calf with five legs, or a "dawg" with two tails, could scarcely have received more attention. It was a steady climb for the last hour, and a scramble over some rough rocks to the highest point of the Foya; here is indeed a splendid panorama, it is "bon tempo" (fine weather), and Cape St. Vincent appears very near, as we look out on the broad Atlantic; the whole of Algarve is at our feet, and the south and west coasts of Portugal. No traveller in Portugal should miss Monchique and the Foya. I started early next morning, having a long day's march with two "*burros*" for myself and kit, and was not sorry at length to behold, conspicuous from afar, the walls of Silves, the old Moorish capital of Algarve; the Citadel with its reservoirs and old subterranean passages is very interesting;

its towers are all used as prisons, and very remarkable physiognomies are to be seen protruded through the iron bars. We approach finally the "*estalagem*," and certainly it does not seem *attractive*, even to one who has survived a Greek "*xenodochion*"; our party of five enter the court-yard all together. In one corner was a rooster, by his well-stocked harem surrounded; in another lay a sow with a sesquipedalian progeny, all wanting dinner at once; in the middle sat the Padrona suckling her last-born, with three other children getting up an excitement (it being carnival time) with coloured paper strips; little bunks, each containing a bed, filled up two sides of this *agapemone;* one recess containing a table was the *sala de comida*, (*salle à manger*). In half an hour—sundry others having dropped in—we all, except the roosters, the "porcos," and the "burros," sat down to a festive meal, consisting, for me, of *suppa*, cabbage, and bread; and, oh! gentle traveller, there is *one* sauce you require, and that is *hunger*; otherwise, stay at home, and venture not into the wilds of Algarve.

On taking a survey after this repast, I considered that it was unnecessary to tempt Providence by spending the night here, so formed the order of march, and proceeded for another four hours or so to São Bartolomeo, near the

line of rail, where accommodation was found at a *casa de hospedar* (a guest house), and fared pretty well. Near here I took the train back to Faro. I had enjoyed a pleasant little run through an unknown country; the people are primitive, honest, and civil; they are poor, but I never met a beggar, and always received courtesy and politeness. The "lingua" is rather peculiar, as they, in common with so many southrons, clip their words; for instance, fosforos (a light for a cigarette) is "fosf," Algarve is "Algarv," Alemtejo is "Alemtej," Lagos is "Lāgs," Silves is "Silvs," &c. Everywhere is something to remind one of the old Moorish domination—in the lattice work at the windows, in the peculiar droning in their songs, in the way the women wear the handkerchief round the head, in the kammerbunds always worn by the men round the waist, and in the cyprus-trees in the cemeteries.

A drive by diligence took me through a fine cultivated country, with olive, orange, loquat, almond, cherry, &c., in abundance, to Tavira, with its very fine bridge, and next day to Casa Real, near the mouth of the Guadiana. I then sailed up to Ayamonte on the Spanish side of the river, which is very broad, and as a strong north breeze was blowing it was necessary to tack so often, crossing

and recrossing the river, that it occupied an hour and a half. The "*Aduana*" (Custom House) at Ayamonte is in the hands of a sergeant's guard; the sergeant himself passed my bag, and accepted *cem réis* (100 reis, equal to fourpence) for a drink. In human nature there seems always a craving after the forbidden, and so, having been strongly cautioned by my good friend Mr. Cowper, the Consul at Lisbon, against this route into Spain, as it is brigand-infested, I was seized with a desire to follow it, and took a seat in the diligence conveying the royal mails for a drive of thirty-one miles to Gibraleon (the nearest station on the line for Huelva); for the whole way at about every kilometre, two flying sentries of that most excellent corps the Guardia Civile, protected the road, and always halted and fronted as the royal mails passed; no brigands appeared and my curiosity was gratified. Although this was the commencement of one of my most delightful trips in Spain, it is necessary in imagination to return to Faro and thence to Beja, and enter Spain by a more northern and equally interesting route. From Beja to Evŏra is not far—Evŏra the Rome of Portugal, and once the headquarters of the great general Sertorius, in whose honour and that of his strong "Cohortes," there is a still legible inscription on

the Praça with a Moorish tablet by its side. São Francisco is a fine church with pictures of Saints by San Vasco, the only Portuguese artist of note, and a curious crypt supported by columns formed of human bones and skulls arranged in patterns; there are some substantial remains of the old Roman wall, and the aqueduct of Sertorius; the temple of Diana is perhaps the best preserved of the old ruins, and has some columns with exquisite Corinthian capitals. A bitterly cold drive in the rain brought me to Estremos; one feels the cold very much at times in these devout countries, as, in out-of-the-way places, there is, in Lent, little but salt fish and vegetables obtainable to eat. An old Greek innkeeper once remarked to me—"How can I kill the sheep and the beef alone for you, Sir? no one else would eat it." It is remarkable how they adhere to these farcical old fancies, and occupy themselves with praying to Maria Santissima! What do they pray for? What *can* they expect out of the ordinary course of nature? The lives led by even their men of God are as bad as they can be; no decent family will ever send for a priest of Portuguese nationality if they can get a Frenchman or Irishman, so many priests are accompanied by a nephew or niece, bearing a *striking likeness* to the uncle. Clean-

liness would be far more serviceable than this absurd praying; the *estalagem* here was so filthy that I put up at a casa de huespedes (a guest house), in which certainly an enormous family dwelt. I occupied a room between two others; it was rather comical. I dined with the family, and heard the language as it is *spoke*. The Portuguese language is not beautiful, with its many nasal sounds as São (pro. San), João (pro. Joan), pão. (pro. pan); the good old Hindustani *cha* is tea; does our word "quarters," so often used in the Service, come from *cuarto*, a room, alike in Spanish and Portuguese?

Before reaching Elvas there is a fine view of that Fort and Badajos frowning at one another. At Elvas is a fair hotel kept by a Sicilian; at dinner a Portuguese officer offered to take me over the fortress next day, but as he did not appear, I went completely round alone. There are a few fine old muzzle-loaders about; every embrasure is used as an open latrine, and this is the most important fortress in Portugal; it is on a height above the Guadiana, and looks down on Badajos, the frontier town of Spain.

CHAPTER II.

ENTER SPAIN AT BADAJOS

Over the many-arched bridge to the capital of Estremadura; it is not much of a town, nor is there much of interest excepting the fortress, which, if it does not equal Elvas in strength of position, perhaps surpasses it in its filthy condition. Near the junction of a small stream from the east with the Guadiana is the height ("Castello"), to which one is not admitted. This was stormed by Picton in our third siege of Badajos. It was absolutely necessary to ride out to Albuhera, where the hard-fought battle took place, in which several British regiments, notably the Buffs and 57th, were well-nigh annihilated. The Buffs had their right flank turned whilst they were charging, and were attacked in the rear by Polish Lancers; the regiment lost 644 officers and men killed and wounded. At Lisbon once a Portuguese gentleman promised me the lance of a Polish Lancer picked up on

the stricken field some time afterwards, by his wife's grandfather, who had been present there; the thought was kindly, but the lance, which was to have been sent to H.M.'s Consul at Lisbon, for me, never arrived.

There is a Spanish town which is rarely visited, but certainly Merida, the Rome of Spain, ought not to be passed over; its motto might really be "*Veteri frondescit honore*"—(the motto of the Buffs)—there is so much existing still to bring to mind its ancient glories; much of its walls, once nearly twenty miles in circumference, and within which, in the time of Trajan, was a garrison of 100,000 men, remains; the fine arch of Santiago was built by Trajan, the first Spaniard who became Emperor of Rome. The temple of Diana is much injured, as also is that of Mars; the amphitheatre with seven tiers of seats is fairly preserved, and there is a Circus Maximus. The old aqueduct is most picturesque with storks and their nests above the arches.

Dining out here I witnessed the extraordinary custom prevailing in middle-class society, for the men to help themselves first, and then to pass the dish for ladies to do likewise; we sat round a table with a large *brasero* burning charcoal underneath, on which we placed our feet, it being cold and damp weather; afterwards we

adjourned to a dance, kept up gaily; it was the first Sunday in Lent. Much of the scene of Grant's most interesting old novel, "The Romance of War," is laid at Merida.

It being far too early in the year to think about Seville or Granada, and also being damp and raw, the much-praised climate of Huelva near the south coast seemed attractive; the hotel "Nuevo Mundo" at Huelva is good, and as the food for the last ten days had been inferior, I luxuriated for a day or two. It is a short sail in a "*barca*" to *La Rabida*, the now deserted monastery where *Cristobal Colon* stayed and convinced the Prior (Menchica), that his great scheme and beliefs were not those of a mere visionary; the Prior succeeded in inducing Queen Isabella to interest herself and assist. From here the great navigator started on that wonderful voyage of discovery, considered so desperate that even criminals under sentence of death would not be persuaded to embark in by promise of a pardon. But those glorious possessions in the West which he brought to Spain have now passed away, and having once returned to the land of his adoption in chains—having had his statue at Granada stoned by old women after the late war—his ashes, as I wrote this, were being escorted home from Havana. The empire

has passed away, but the name of Columbus will last as long even as that of the conquering humiliators of Spain.

The mines of Rio Tinto are near here, but seemed to have no attraction for me, so I took a steamer down to Cadiz, which is most charmingly situated; when there you constantly have the idea that you are on an island. The *paseo* on the ramparts is delightful, and there are many well-to-do people on the promenades; it is an important town to Spain from every point of view; it is certainly not a great fine art centre, but in the church of *Los Capuchinos* over the high altar is Murillo's last work, the *Sposalizio de Santa Catarina;* just before completing it the master fell from the platform and shortly afterwards died.

On the *paseo* (promenade) I looked in at the entrance to the artillery barracks, and it is refreshing to think that even in Spain, where they rarely do *to-day* what they can ever put off to *mañana* (to-morrow), they are compelled in matters military to pay some regard to punctuality. Inscribed over the entrance to the orderly room is the notice:—

Todo servizio, sea in paz or in guerra,
Se hará con la misma puntualidado
Y desuello, que al frente del enemigo."

Viva la puntualidado!

But Trafalgar's Bay was a few miles south, and as I particularly wished to pass it going leisurely along the coast, I took a passage by the *Mogador*, a *vapor* of the Compañia Transatlantica, and started one glorious morning at seven o'clock. It was very enjoyable seeing all the coast line, passing Trafalgar, sighting Tarifa, then a good view from Cape Spartel to the Apes hills beyond Ceuta on the African side, and at 2 p.m. we were at Tangier. The Continental Hotel is very comfortable and the climate perfection. To one who has not been much in the East, I suppose the market place and bazaars are amusing. Here we get the most luxuriant vegetation; the garden of the Belgian Consul is quite a show place, as are several others I visited. I was happy in being invited to dine and spend the evening at the house of a gentleman on the higher ground at the back of the town; a large portion of his house resembles a Moorish palace, being most lavishly and luxuriously fitted up in choicest oriental style and hung with the costliest Fez and other Morocco embroidery, such as is not now to be bought. The Spanish Minister who was present at the dinner allowed me to avail myself of his Moorish soldier with his lantern as an escort home to my hotel, and told me that there is a certain amount of danger in

going about at night—not from the Moors, but from a number of very low-class Spaniards, some of them, I believe, escaped convicts from Ceuta. At Tangier no Christian is allowed under any circumstances to visit a mosque. The Sultan's rule, especially of his own domestic circle, if one may so speak, seems peculiar. He received a present a while back from the French Government, of a dozen bicycles, and as the ladies of the harem do not take so kindly to biking as our English girls, he makes it a punishment instead of an amusement, and if a lady has misbehaved herself she is made to ride up and down before him until she has had a stated number of falls. The late Sultan Mulai Hassan was out boating once with two of his wives when the boat was upset. He bellowed and obtained assistance, which saved him—the two wives were drowned. He was afterwards questioning the men who had saved him, and they stated that they had *seen* his wives sink. "Give me your sword," he exclaimed, and ran them through with it, "that is the penalty for *seeing* the wife of a Sultan!"

The Sultan styles himself still "*King of the Algarves.*" I am informed that in his palaces at Fez and Maroc, there is architecture and decorative work equal to that of the Alhambra, and that the Kutubia at Maroc is equal to the Giralda of Seville.

On a clear day it is a very beautiful sail across to Gibraltar. On the Spanish side in front of us is Tarifa, very conspicuous with its lighthouse. It is here that Tarik, with his Berbers, landed in 711, and soon after gave the name Gibel Tarik to what is now Gibraltar, in commemoration of his first victory. From here to the nearest point of the African shore is about twelve miles. Approaching the grand old Rock is a proud moment for a Britisher. There is nothing that more gives the idea of power, of command. Several men-of-war were in the bay, across which is the pleasant-looking little town (*from the sea*) of Algesiras. Of course, on shore, there is a great deal to interest one, whether one walks out to Europa Point, enjoying, on the way, the Alameda (the promenade, from *Alamo*, a poplar-tree), or climbs the Rock. The General kindly gave me an order (not often given, I believe) to visit the Signal Station at the very highest point—it is a good climb, but the view is superb. One of the curious sights is the smuggling, which takes place every evening; just before dusk I counted thirty-eight dogs all trained and brought across the neutral ground from the filthy little town *Las Lineas*, to our "lines," where they all waited each carrying tobacco; as soon as it was dusk scores of men laden with tobacco

appeared and waded from the road into the swampy neutral ground; they waited about there until they and the dogs could get into the Spanish lines; there are sentries at the "lines" of Las Lineas, and mounted sentries on the road leading across, but they are only a make-believe; the whole miserable battalion doing duty there is supposed to be squared, and some say it is the most coveted station in Spain; one pound of tobacco gains five shillings in value on entering Spain, so one can understand how business is carried on every night; and they are so strict elsewhere, that, at Algesiras for instance, all women are examined underneath their petticoats to see if they are smuggling tobacco.

Jimena, which is twenty-five miles by rail from Algesiras on the way to Ronda, is a romantically situated little town, with its old Moorish castle, on a splendid site. The house tops were covered with lichen, which shone like old gold in the setting sun; the roads were too bad and the weather not tempting to ride on to Ronda, so I returned to Gibraltar. There is a railway now the whole way. I next took a little steam trip to Malaga, which is very pleasant, and the coast line well worth seeing. Malaga is a civilised town, with two good hotels. The Malagueñas are considered by Spaniards

their prettiest women; they are most elegant in their walk, and whether kneeling in front of an altar or dancing a bolero or cachucha are not to be surpassed. Although it was Lent, the *Plaza de Toros* was open. One afternoon there was a slaughter of torillos (young bulls), very fine and plucky young animals and active in their movements. They are often more dangerous than grown-up ones, and do not always go for the colour. Two fine young girls had been tempted into the ring to act as banderilleras (*i.e.*, to stick the two darts into the neck of the bull as he is charging). These girls were theatrically dressed in short skirts, and there was wonderment as to how they would acquit themselves. The first having been led in front of the bull, beckoned him onwards, and succeeded after a fashion in placing the banderillas, but the second girl — visibly nervous and frightened—failed in her attempt, and in springing on one side was caught by the horns of the infuriated beast and tossed and gored. One shriek was all we heard; she was carried out dead, the whole show continuing as though nothing had happened. We had the pole-leaping over the bull in full charge—the torero receiving his charge sitting in a chair, and springing up to stick in the darts; we had, for one bull which appeared

rather torpid, darts charged with explosives, which eventually quite drove him mad; one matador was nearly done for by a splendid jet-black young bull which I had just heard a woman calling a "chicatillo" (a dear young creature!).

About fifty miles by rail up a most luxuriant valley teeming with oranges and lemons brings us to Bobadilla, which is an important *entroncamento* (junction) with a first-class restaurant; there is a branch line here to Ronda, a romantic town 2,500 feet up in the mountains surrounded by wild and grand scenery, a place which ought to be greatly in favour with artists; here is the celebrated *Tajo*, or Chasm, through which runs a roaring torrent, in some parts of great beauty. The Tajo divides old from new Ronda.

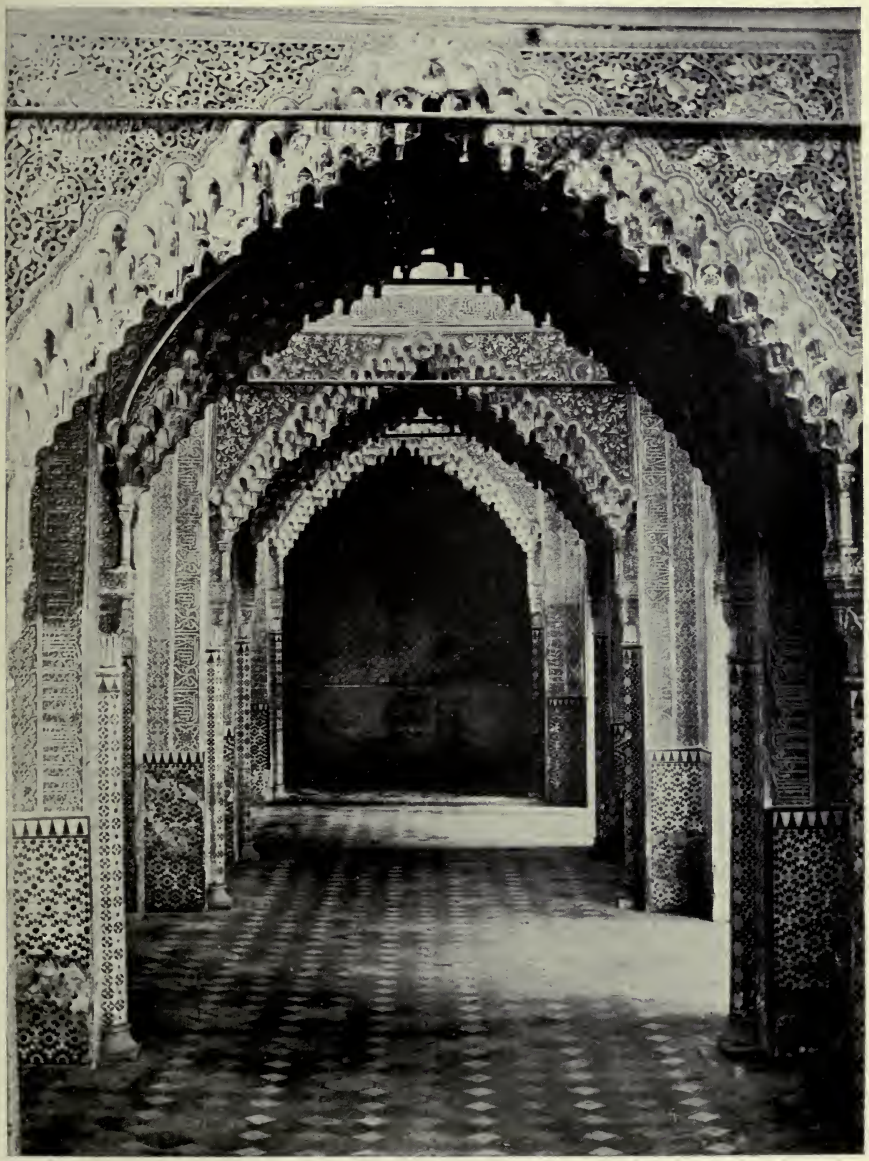
I had been tantalizing myself, as it were, by hovering about up to this on the outskirts of Andaluzia, and now started for Cordova, stopping, en route, at Montilla, the birthplace of the hero Gonzalvo de Cordova (the "*Gran Capitan*"). It is very fair treatment at the "*posada*" (inn), and the good Montilla wine was all I could wish for; a very fair dinner and a bottle of Montilla, a night's lodging, chocolate in the morning, déjeuner at noon with another bottle of Montilla, with a total charge of

four and a half *pesetas* (just over four francs) and perfect civility and politeness thrown in, is altogether a sample of the expense of living. The town is very picturesque, and, on two hills, from which a fine view is obtained over the beautiful "Alma del Sol" (Andaluzia), with its Sierra Morena covered with snow.

CHAPTER III.

"OH! BELL' ALMA DEL SOL!
OH! ANDALUZIA."

HEARING, that in consequence of awful floods, whole villages had been destroyed, and all approach to Cordova by rail rendered impossible, I took two donkeys and a man and started by road. The distance is about forty-seven kilometres (twenty-nine miles); happily the weather was perfect. As we approached the Guadalquivir, on which is Cordova, the devastation around was apparent; the railway bridges in all directions had been washed away, and the only approach was by the grand old bridge built by the Khalifs of Cordova; the river was even then up to the top of the arches, and it had risen a week before thirteen and a half metres (think if old



THE ALHAMBRA. SALA DEL TRIBUNAL.

Father Thames rose over forty feet at London); the population was on the banks watching the tremendous rush of the mighty river, and the Mayor went round with a band of music to collect money for "*los pobres inundados.*"

The glorious old Mesquita (Mosque), the pride of Cordova, is the attraction; it is the most perfect specimen of the religious architecture of the Moors; its vastness impresses the visitor; it is 650 feet long by 462 feet wide; it has about twenty naves and rests on 1,000 columns, all monoliths of various beautiful marbles; its *Mihrab* (Holy of Holies) is of most exquisite work, and a pilgrimage to it was equivalent to one made to Mecca. Once there were sixteen exquisitely finished entrances to the Mesquita—many are now stopped up; the finest entrance to the courtyard or *Patio de Naranjos* (the Court of Oranges) is the celebrated *Puerta del Perdon* (the Gate of Pardon), so called because remission of punishment or indulgence was granted to all passing under. From the top of the *Campanile* is a fine view; it was a few years ago the scene of a very remarkable little tragedy, the real truth of which was told me by the British Consul. It happened that some ten years ago, one morning, an Englishman in a wild state of excitement rushed into the Consul's office, exclaiming—"Sir, I

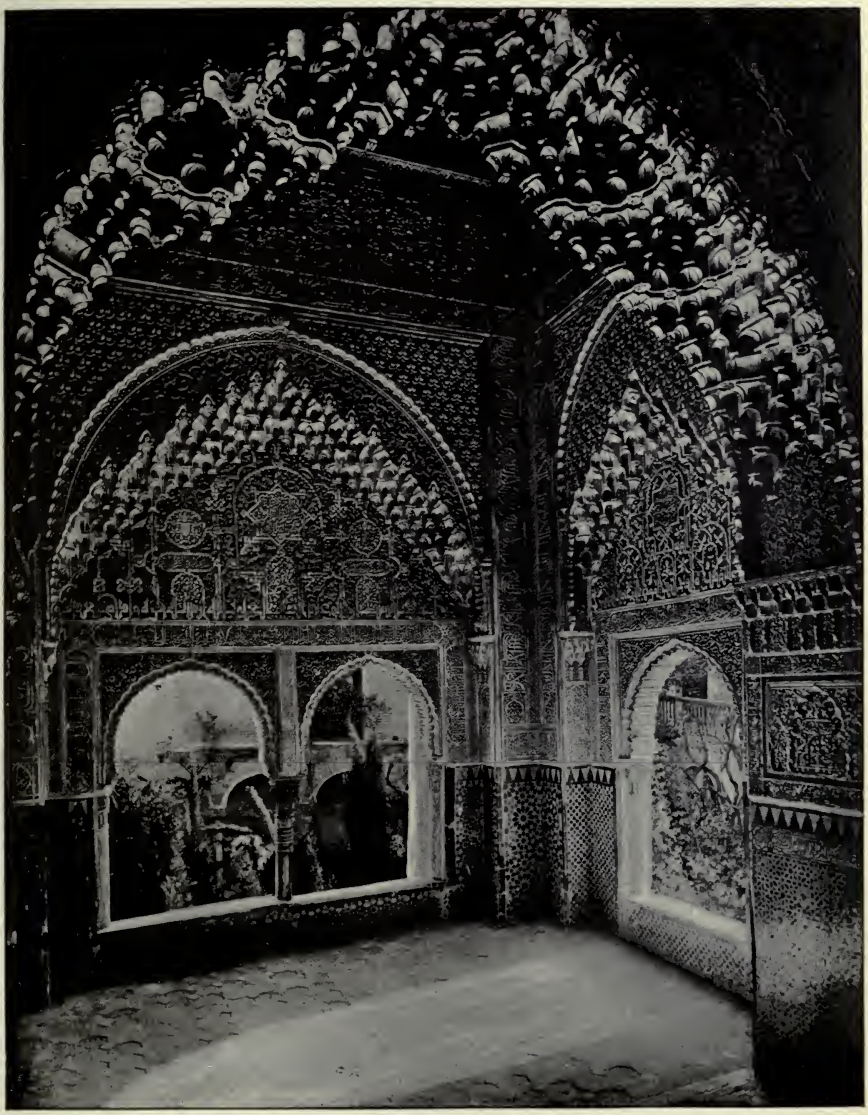
claim your protection, I have just shot a man in self-defence at the summit of the bell tower"; the Consul proceeded with him to the spot, and at once recognized in the dead man a poor harmless fellow who was well known as having been in an advanced stage of consumption, with just strength enough to get up the tower, to earn a livelihood by indicating to travellers the many points of interest in the splendid panorama; he had been shot through the chest and mouth. Very little that was coherent could be obtained by the Consul from the Englishman, who appeared in the greatest terror at what he had done; he was a disciple of Æsculapius, and was one of those nervous, excitable people who ought never to be entrusted with a revolver under any circumstances whatever; some version of the story got into the papers at home, and there was much talk about it; orders were sent out eventually through the British Minister that the doctor was to be got off at all costs, and the Consul informed me, that, by direction, he framed the story, that,—"having been attacked by a herculean ruffian—the doctor, in self-defence, drew a revolver and shot him." I should not have cared so to have "economised the truth" in defence of such an imbecile. There were several ladies and gentlemen at

the Fonda Swiza, who had been prisoners, as it were, at Cordova in consequence of the floods, as all lines were interrupted, and it was necessary to drive or ride to Montilla, nearly thirty miles, that being the nearest station from which trains could run.

The Consul told me of an "evangelical" missionary who had come to Cordova to convert the idolatrous worshippers of Mary and the Saints; he told the Consul he was about to discourse to them in Spanish the following Sunday, so the Consul was present; the occasion was, I think, an Easter Sunday:—"Think, my brethren," he said, "of the Son of God making his entry into Jerusalem sitting on a *pollito*,"—he should have said a *pollino*, which means the foal of an ass, whereas the *pollito* is a pullet or small fowl! Of course the congregation began to look at one another and giggle, and the worthy man was christened the "*pollito*"—he soon afterwards changed his location! A few days at Cordova were spent very agreeably, and much of every day was spent at the Mosque, of which one cannot see too much; the capital of Andaluzia, that earthly *paradise of the Moors*, was once the centre of civilization; the city that gave birth to Marcus Aurelius and to Seneca, became, under the Moors, the most enlightened city in

Europe; it is to the Moors that we are indebted for the first Medical College, the first Astronomical Observatory (at Seville), for the development of what the ancients had taught of Mathematics, and particularly Algebra, and for the encouragement of science generally; their advancement in civilization formed, as Prescott says, "a striking contrast with the deep barbarism of the rest of Europe."

To reach Granada, the last great stronghold of the Moors, it was necessary to ride back to Montilla, and take the rail *viâ* Bobadilla. The word *granada* in Spanish means a pomegranate, and the four hills on which it stands have, perhaps, a resemblance to that fruit, rising to over 2,000 feet above the sea; it is surrounded by the *Vega*, a rich and beautiful plain. The city, now so dull and triste, was once of great importance, a renowned seat of learning, and the great military capital of the province, which remained to the Moors for a hundred years after they had lost the remainder of Spain. In all Europe there is nothing of greater interest than the Alhambra, and anyone who has cultivated a taste for and perception of the beautiful, will devote hours daily to wandering about those lovely halls, which, for exquisite grace and elegance, are nowhere surpassed. One day one

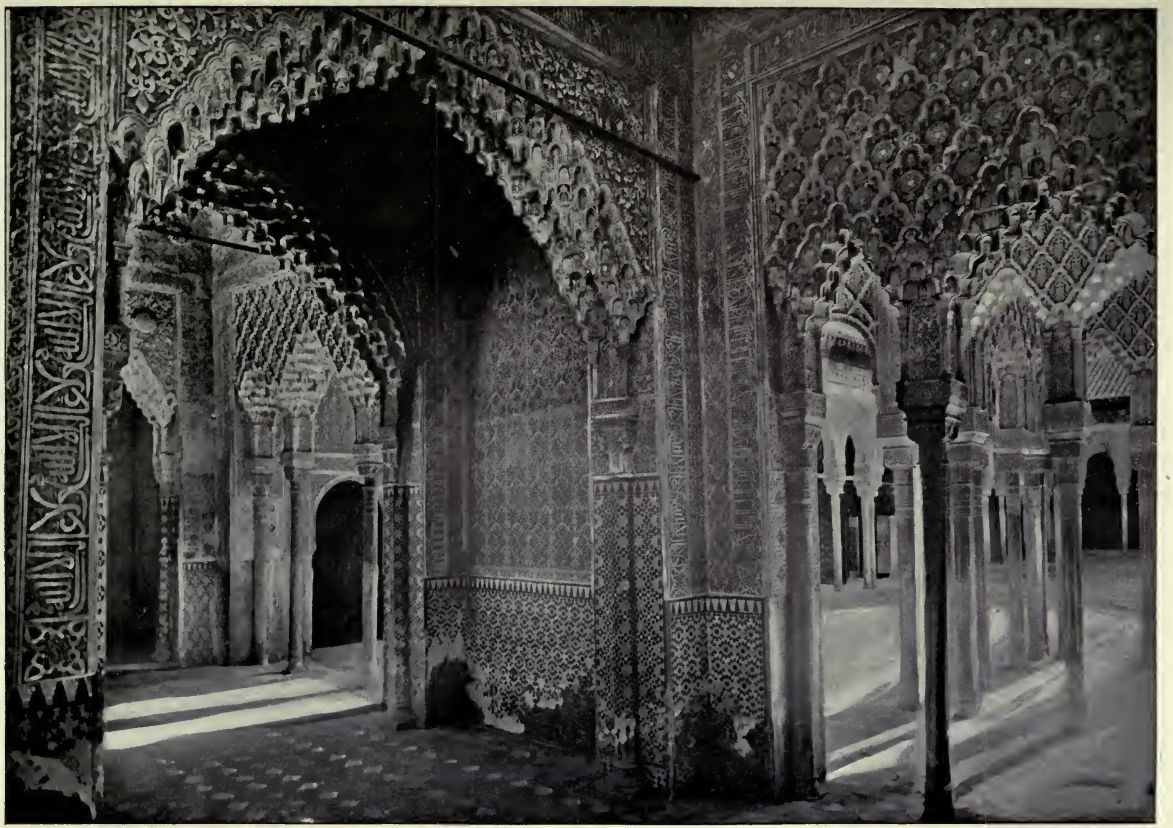


THE ALHAMBRA. MIRADOR DE LINDARAJA.

thinks the splendid *Sala de Embajadores* (the Hall of Ambassadors) the most beautiful of all—next day the *Mirador de Lindaraja* (a small belvedere) which was the Sultana's boudoir; another visit perhaps one may be most impressed with the *Sala de la Justicia*; everywhere is evidence of fertility of design, shown by the infinite variety in the fine traceries and patterns, in the most pleasing colours; blended with these is the favourite, *Wa la ghalib illa Allah!* (there is no conqueror but God), the motto of the Moorish sovereigns, which is everywhere conspicuous. About the whole there is an air of voluptuous ease, and many are the romantic legends, of which Washington Irving has made so much, which cling to the old towers and surroundings, where the chivalrous Moors were wont to lie about in oriental fashion, telling and listening to tales of "ladye, love and war, romance and knightly worth." The Washington Irving Hotel, a comfortable and well-managed house, is conveniently situated for the Alhambra. The evening after my arrival there a young Englishman strolling before dinner in the grounds of the Alhambra, witnessed a murder committed on the broad walk in front of him. It was believed that the victim had seduced the sister of the other, who shot him through the heart with a revolver. Games of that sort are

risky in Spain, where they are given to using the revolver, or more often the *cuchillo* (knife), without giving you the opportunity of defending yourself. Beggars are a curse here, and to give to one is fatal, as they then pester you and adhere more tenaciously than ever. There is a little receipt for ridding oneself of a Spanish beggar, which I have found generally infallible; it is merely to say when he has accosted you, "*Perdone mí por Dios, hermano*" (excuse me for the love of God, my brother). He usually sidles off directly, but you must not omit the "hermano."

Mr. Xanier, the British Consul, who presided at the table d'hôte of the hotel, was a most accomplished artist, and lived in a very charming little house, with a *mirador* commanding superb views over the Vega (the plain) and the Sierra Nevada, and from it one could see with a glass the house formerly a *mesquita*, where Boabdil handed over the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, and then wended his miserable way; the road winds at a distance of some seven miles past an eminence where the fallen monarch halted to take his last view of the Alhambra, and on his bursting into tears, his mother said to him, "You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man." The spot is called "*El ultimo sospiro del Moro*" (the last sigh of the Moor).



THE ALHAMBRA. SALA DE JUSTICIA AND PATIO DE LOS LEONES.

The Cathedral is a noble building, and its interior is very impressive; many pictures of note by Cano and Ribera are here, and to be seen after a little intriguing with the sacristan, as they are all draped in Lent. The Capilla de los Reyes (Royal Chapel) is where Ferdinand and Isabella are buried, and also Philip and Juana (crazy Jane); they are very splendid tombs. Gonzalvo de Cordova is buried in the Church of San Geronimo.

The Cuaresma (Lent) was approaching, happily, its close. One wearies of the general air of gloom and the perpetual bell-ringing, which, even at night, is kept up, rendering sleep in the towns impossible; we were now within a few days of the *Semana Santa* (Holy Week), so after an early start (4.30 a.m.) and a most tedious journey, we found ourselves at Seville, where all kinds of what our neighbours so well describe as *les singeries ecclésiastiques* are carried on in most elaborate style, and where the traveller sees all these extraordinary functions which so impress the faithful, far better than anywhere else.

Seville was very full, and a goodly company, mostly Americans and English, were collected at the Hôtel de Paris; of course, it was the height of the season, and all things were at their best,—for instance, the charges at

the hotels, which are all exactly doubled; the processions which take place each day, lasting for hours, are the great attraction; they are composed of groups of very great value, each usually carried on the shoulders of many men; they are the property of different *cofradias* (confraternities), all trying to eclipse one another in the splendour of their pageants; each is concluded with *Maria Santissima* in most gorgeous robes, with trains covered with massive bullion lace, and over twenty feet in length; in Spain, her effigy is treated with all the respect shown to an earthly monarch, and the Queen of Spain is her Mistress of the Robes; the Second Person of the Trinity has quite a subordinate position. Perhaps the most amusing *singerie* was at the Church of San Salvador; it is the ceremony of *las tres caidas* (the three falls), in which a priest comes along the nave, staggering (or pretending to) under a huge cross, and falls three times to the ground; then there is the *sermone de las tres horas de agonia*, but it usually lasts only one hour, happily.

Here, where Murillo was born, we have many works of the great "*Pintor de los concepciones*," and his three styles exhibited in perfection—the *frio*, the *cálido*, and the *vaporoso;* the wonderful "*Annunciation*," and "*St. Thomas distributing alms*," which he always called *mi cuadro* (my

picture), both at the Gallery; the celebrated *St. Anthony*, and one of his most pleasing pictures, the *Angel de la Guarda* (the Guardian Angel holding a child), are both in the Cathedral; at *La Caridad* is one of his masterpieces, Moses striking the rock, called *La Sed* (thirst). The glorious old Cathedral is greatly obscured by the scaffolding in the nave, but everywhere is to be seen the most exquisite sculpture, and the grandeur of its stately architecture is unrivalled; its elegant tower, the *Giralda*, is a relic of old Moorish days, and commands an extensive and beautiful view. During this most dismal week—the *Semana Santa*—one's eyes are everywhere greeted by the announcement on placards, that, on Domingo di Pasqua (Easter Sunday) there will be a grand *Corrida de Toros* (a grand bull fight) in honour of Maria Santissima, and that six bulls will be killed; they might go on to say that about eighteen horses will be also turned inside out, and all to the glory of God, and in honour of His Mother! The day arrives, and, apart from the fiendish cruelty to the horses, it is a grand show. The pageant is most gorgeous; the bright-eyed Sevillanas, the prettiest type of Andalusian beauty, are all in the very gayest attire, with flowers in their hair, and shewing how gracefully and coquettishly they can wear the white

lace mantilla; they are joyous at the thought that the gruesome Cuaresma is over, and bent on conquest, being

"Skilled in all the witching arts of love."

They look on with the utmost nonchalance at the unfortunate horses being disembowelled, and kicking away from them, before they fall, their own entrails, which are hanging on the ground; many American and English ladies were present, but they take usually a book to read, until the horses are all cleared away; this is the hideous part of the show, which all but Spaniards could dispense with, or, rather, would abolish. With them, however, if they fancy that not enough horses have been provided, there are cries of "*Otro caballo, otro caballo*" (another horse). Guerita, the first Matador of Spain, and Espartero, and Mazzontini (the favourite all-round *Torero*), distinguished themselves by the most consummate coolness, when confronted by what looked like certain death from the horns of the infuriated *Toro*. Now commences the *Feria* (Fair) week, when all are given up to fun and gaiety, and when Seville looks its brightest and best. The "*feria*" is held in a large open space, like a people's park for the time being, outside one of the gates of the city; here are erected hundreds of small temporary sheds prettily decorated, each opening on to a little boarded

floor with flowers around; here they come to meet and entertain their friends, picnicking by day and dancing by night; the climate is delicious, and, in the evening, with myriads of coloured lights about, and the soft music of pianos, guitars, and mandolines, to which the fair Sevillanas love to dance their boleros, fandangoes, and cachuchas, and display their graceful forms and pretty coquettish ways, in utter disregard of the admiring gaze of thousands of passers by,—it is altogether a scene not to be matched in Europe. On the last night of the "*feria*," Seville was illuminated, and the effect was grand; the festooning of the splendid bridge over the Guadalquivir, and of the banks of the river, gave the idea of fairy-land; justly they are proud of their beautiful city, which they call a *maravilla*; they are a pleasant and easy-going people, as are the Andalusians generally, never giving themselves the trouble to do to-day what they can possibly put off till to-morrow (*mañana*, a word ever on their tongues). "*Hoy por tí, mañana por mí*" (to-day for you, to-morrow for me), is a favourite saying; the idea among them appears to be that "time was made for slaves."

There seems a kind of family likeness, especially among the women, and much similarity of expression in

their glorious eyes; they are never very highly educated, but sufficiently accomplished, and, intensely love admiration; they are not too strait-laced in their fancies, and are practical.

I was told of a sweet young Sevillana, who was talking of her fiancé, and the chances of her becoming married to him that season, "but," she said, "he knows so many of my girl friends, and finds it difficult to decide; there will be a ball soon, however, at which we shall all be décolletées, and *then*, I think, he will make up his mind."

Long could one linger in this beautiful city, but I often wonder how they beguile time in the hot weather, when it reaches 116° in the shade.

No town in Spain has a more fanciful device and motto than Seville, it is "*No* CO *do*"; the figure in the centre is a skein of silk called in Spanish a *madeja*; so the motto is a rebus, and reads "*No ma dejado*" (*no me ha dejado*)—"She has not deserted me."

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH DON QUIXOTE'S COUNTRY TO EASTERN SPAIN.

PART of my journey to Toledo was by a train stopping at all the small stations. The guard of the train and the employés of each station would stroll about smoking cigarettes, and at length it would occur to someone that there was a train which might as well move along. So although we were two hours late on reaching Alcazar, where I rested for the night, it was considered a fair journey.

Of all the dull, uninteresting districts in Europe, it would be hard to beat the country of Don Quixote, which we had been traversing, and endeavouring to picture the immortal Don charging windmills and flocks of sheep. A few hours next morning and we were at Toledo, the ancient capital of Roderick, the last of the

Goths, which afterwards preceded Valadolid and Madrid as the principal town in Spain, the city of Charles V. The site of the city is unique and most commanding. It crowns the summit of a rocky eminence, round which runs its girdle of walls and towers, and is circled on three sides by the Tagus, the whole being most romantically beautiful. There are Moorish remains of great interest, but, of course, its glory and magnificence have passed away; its majestic old cathedral, now its pride, I think, impressed me more than any other in Spain, especially its interior; the old Spanish Gothic style is here in perfection; the exquisite work in the *retablo* (reredos) in the *Capilla Real*, in the *respaldo* of the Coro, in the tomb of Mendoza, the "Grand Cardinal," and in the lovely columns of the *sedilia*, is nowhere surpassed. In one chapel is the tomb of the last Moorish king of Toledo; centrally situated in an aisle under a fine *baldachino* is one of the most sacred relics in all Spain—it is no less than the precious stone on which Maria Santissima alighted when she descended from Heaven in A.D. 666, to invest Archbishop Ildefonso (St. Ildefonso), her favourite saint, with a chasuble; the stone is in the centre of a lovely marble case with two apertures, each with an iron grating and holy water in front.

All young girls on entering the Cathedral proceed straight to this relic, and touch it, then crossing themselves, and retiring backwards. The legend is represented over the western entrance and in many other places. Over the cloisters is an old rarely visited gallery, to which "*el señor Don Dinero*" (backshish) gained me admission; in it are kept the "*Jigantes*"—colossal figures which used to be carried through the city in procession. The chief of these is the *Tarasca* (a huge alligator), into the mouth of which the elderly female conducting me disappeared, and caused the grotesque figure of the *Anavolena* to spring out of its back. This *Anavolena* is Anna Boleyn, and, they mean by it, *Protestantism* springing out of the foul beast of the slime. It was introduced soon after our Henry VIII.'s divorce of Catherine of Aragon and marriage with the Protestant Anne Boleyn (Anna Bolena or *Anavolena*, the *b* and *v* in Spanish being almost interchangeable); *of course*, it was intended as a high compliment to England.

Six dreary hours to Madrid, by a very miserably conducted line of railway, on which the employés struck me as being a strangely apathetic and discontented set. There is little to impress the traveller in the capital of Spain, always, of course, excepting the glories of its galleries

in the Prado, and its *Armeria.* It has been often and truthfully said that it is like a large French town, with "*aquí se habla Español*" written up; its streets and shops, its hotels and theatres are, of course, good, but it is at the glorious galleries in the Prado that we are rewarded for our journey to Madrid. They are the finest in the world. Think of ten Raphaels, forty-two Titians, sixty-four Rubens, sixty Teniers, sixty-five Velazquez, forty-six Murillos, &c., &c. Here is Velazquez's grand painting of the *Surrender of Breda,* which gained for him his greatest honour—the Knighthood of St. Jago.

I was given a permit to visit the very fine modern pictures at the *Senado* (the House of Lords), and the polite *custode,* who shewed me round, informed me that there was to be an afternoon debate the same day, and asked me if I should like to be present at it. It so happened that it was the very thing I wished for, but had been informed at the Embassy that it would not be possible to gain admission. On presenting myself however, I was shewn into a box, and heard a most lively and exciting debate on the subject principally of Cuba; there was much heat in the discussion, and the speakers were decidedly fluent and impassioned in their style.

The *Armeria* is most interesting and exquisitely arranged. Here we see the swords of Boabdil, of Don Jaime el Conquistador, of Gonzalvo de Cordova, of Charles V., Pizarro and Cortes. The collection of armour is magnificent and well kept.

The wonderful Escorial is about one-and-a-half hours from Madrid, and is built on the wild slopes of the Guadarrama. It is palace and monastery in one enormous edifice of 200 yards square; designed, and its erection superintended, by Philip II., it is vast and gloomy, but shews great taste in its magnificent proportions. It is correctly called *San Lorenzo el Real*, and, from the fact that it is dedicated to that Saint, many imagine that they can perceive it is in the form of a gridiron, as it was on some such instrument that he suffered martyrdom. Praying, and that they might be prayed for, appear to have been the ideas with which the Spanish monarchs of the sixteenth century were possessed. Philip was praying here when the news of the great victory of Lepanto was brought him; and, at another time, when that of the destruction of the Spanish Armada reached him, but, on both occasions he continued to pray! In this, the most gigantic edifice the world has ever seen, the gloomy monarch lived for fourteen years. He declared that he

merely required a *cell*, and he had one contrived so that from his bed in it he could view the grand altar, and here the miserable bigot died, after lying for fifty-three days, wondering if he had burnt enough heretics to merit salvation!

When leaving the hotel here rather hurriedly, to catch the return train to Madrid, a thoughtful waiter gave me in change, an escudo (value two shillings) made of *lead*. I had been often warned on the subject, and generally had plenty of change about me, so this was the only time that I received bad money.

I went on to Valladolid, as I particularly wished to have a glimpse at the one-time capital of Spain. We passed the snowy range of the Guadarama, and just before reaching Avila we went through a tunnel 2,520 feet above the sea. The cold was great. That evening, at Valladolid, I was strolling on the Praça, when two of the Guardia Municipal came up to me and politely asked me my nationality, what I was there for, and arrested me. I accompanied them to show my passport to their chief, who minutely examined it and seemed satisfied; then came in the chief of the detective police (with two men), who again inspected my passport. Many questions were put to me, and I thought all was over satisfactorily,—but no,

I was then escorted to the presence of the Minister of the Interior, who again inspected the passport, and remarked to me, that, being an officer, I should see how necessary it was for them to take these precautions; to which I replied, that, if we in London took a similar precaution,—viz., that of arresting everyone who happened to be a foreigner—we should have enough to do. He ended by sending two officials (one an officer) to escort me home to my hotel. They were all most polite from beginning to end. They offered to escort me next day round the sights of the town, but I declined with thanks, and told them that as I spoke Spanish and always appreciated the Spanish people, I should prefer to go round alone. It was altogether a disagreeable business, and spoilt my evening.

I found the town not very interesting after the extremely interesting cities I had lately visited, and I suppose the little episode of my arrest rather disgusted me. It happened a few weeks after Ravachol's exploit in Paris. I returned next day to Madrid, and, the following day,—after a flying visit to the Prado,—started for Valencia, and passed through a rich country, especially after reaching Almansa, when it becomes quite oriental—it is the *Huerta* of Valencia, and called the Garden of Spain.

The country people have a very Moorish look frequently, and preserve many old customs certainly inherited from the Moors, such as the invariable one of making their women folk stand up and wait on them at meals. Valencia (the capital of the province) is a town of importance, and the noise made by its church bells on a Saint's day, seems to emphasize the fact. The morning after arrival, I mounted to the belfry of the Cathedral, and inspected these disturbers of the peace; they were named Maria Santissima, Sta. Barbara, Sta. Ursula, San Miguel, and the little pagan "Narcisso" with several others. Over the high altar is a fine picture of the Last Supper, by Ribalta, in which the artist has carefully immortalized a shoemaker who had dunned him, by putting his face on to Judas.

I found the people of Valencia very pleasant and obliging, and the women are good-looking, but not so coquettish as the Sevillanas. The town has plenty of life in it, and, the market place, with its crowds of country people, is a sight not to be forgotten. A few miles out, are some pottery and *azulejo* (tile) works, which are well worth a visit; I bought there a *fac-simile* of the celebrated Moorish vase of the Alhambra.

The General-Commandant gave me an order addressed

to the *Gobierno Militar* (Military Governor) at Murviedro (the ancient Saguntum, which fell to Hannibal after a siege of two years, equalled only by that of Zaragoza ; it led to the second Punic war). I proceeded thither, and was shewn over the celebrated Castillo by a very intelligent and well-spoken young sergeant. It is on an isolated rock, on the north slope of which are the Pueblo (the village) and the Roman Theatre. There were no guns in position on the fortifications, but a battery was being constructed commanding the road from Arragon, shewing that they think something of it. My guide shewed me one of the curious *calabozos* (dungeons), which was down a very steep flight of steps, and was used occasionally. I was shewn all over the barracks, and through the *dormitorios*, as they call the barrack rooms, and tasted the soldiers' soup, which was better than that at many a *table d'hôte*. Their rifles (Remington's) were very well kept. There was but one company in garrison, and they seemed very well cared for. At the conclusion of my round I offered my guide a *peseta*, but he very politely thanked me, and declined to accept it.

Tortosa was my next halting place, with its mineral baths. The Cathedral is very fine inside and out. I observed some very fine old tapestry hanging on each

side of the Capilla, in which is the grand altar. There are two forts and some picturesque old castles on the hills around. I soon moved on to Tarragona, on its lofty rock of 800 feet, with its wonderful cyclopean remains of Phœnician origin. It was a most important town under the Romans, and there are some magnificent remains of its ancient splendour, especially the old aqueduct (*el ponte del diablo*) in a sequestered valley—it looks as sound and strong as though freshly built. The fine Cathedral interested me very much; there is much quaint mediæval work about it—curious groups in relief of most facetious devils and their victims. In the cloisters are some most remarkable pillars around—there is one with a capital representing the three kings of the East, sleeping three in one bed, being aroused in the morning by an angel; on another are some mice at the funeral of a dead cat; but on the next pillar it seems this cat had been shamming, and had sprung up, scattering all the funeral procession. But what a din the bells of the Cathedral make!—*vive Dios!* and *Cuaresima* has been some time over.

Here lies Don Jaime, El Conquistador, the great King of Arragon.

There is, wherever one goes, a *Don* of paramount im-

portance, without whom the most experienced traveller is non-plussed, and that is "*El Señor Don Dinero*" (*dinero* is money). On presenting myself one day at the bank (Banco de Valls) in correspondence with Cook, they very politely declined to cash my circular note, assigning, as a reason, that Cook had directed them not to cash *certain notes* of which they showed me the numbers, which had been stolen from some Englishman or other. I asked them what that had to do with *my* notes, but they were impenetrable on the subject. They also, and for the same reason, politely declined to give me Spanish money for an English sovereign. Of course, I wrote to Cook & Son of this crass stupidity, and they now do business with another firm. You cannot do without *Don Dinero*.

I found it was just possible to visit in a day the out-of-the-way monastery of Poblet; it entails a walk of a few miles from a point on the line of rail some twenty-five miles from Tarragona. Poblet was once the *Escorial* of Arragon, where all those proud monarchs and their families were buried; the palace was in the midst of the monastery. Many years after that Arragon had ceased to be a separate kingdom, the monks of Poblet had become too exclusive and aristocratic in their ideas;

a peasant mob with whom they were very unpopular, burnt and destroyed the glorious old pile, of which the ruins are vast and imposing, and played skittles with the skulls of the Kings and Queens of Arragon! I reached Barcelona the same evening, and, having determined to take up my Spanish wanderings at this point the following spring, I crossed to Marseille, and came homewards through the charming province of Dauphiné, round to Paris.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY in February the following year I journeyed down to Spain, viâ Arles, Nismes, Montpellier, Narbonne, Cette, and Port Bout, the French frontier town, or, as a facetious Frenchman in the train remarked, "le *bout* du monde." A very slow Spanish train took us in five hours to Gerona, which has a Cathedral worth seeing, and in the evening we reached Barcelona, where the *Hotel de las cuatro Naciones* offers very fair accommodation. Barcelona is a city with far more life in it than one usually finds in Spain; here are fine promenades, especially the "Rambla" (the *Alameda* promenade of the place), where all the world are to be met strolling about. Perhaps Barcelona is the most cosmopolitan town in all Spain, and the people there are more wide-awake than in most parts. Two or three days' stay sufficed however for me, and I embarked in the "Cataluña" for *Las Islas Baleares* (the Balearic Isles), somewhat under

one hundred miles. The sea was tranquil and the air delicious. Three Spaniards in my cabin must needs all light cigarettes directly they got into bed, and the atmosphere *there* was the reverse of delicious. At 7 next morning we were off Majorca (Mallorca), and soon entered its fine bay, which is fourteen miles across. The general view around is very picturesque and pleasing, and one soon becomes interested in the beauties, architectural and other, of Palma (the capital). The Cathedral is very imposing from its size, and several other churches well repay a visit. The Lonja (Exchange) is elegant, and perhaps the most typical of the public buildings. It was 10th February when I arrived, and all was bathed in delicious sunshine. In the evening, as it was carnival time, the wildest gaiety prevailed, and the hotel (the "*Fonda Balear*") appeared to be in the midst of it all.

King Carnival is a merry monarch, but a little of him goes a long way, and it was a real pleasure to get away from his tomfooleries to the charming and elegant rooms of Mr. Marc, H.B.M.'s Consul. Thanks to his kindness I was introduced to some members of the leading families in the islands and made an honorary member for a month of the military club through the politeness of the Count de Montenegro. In Majorca is quite a

little aristocracy formed among the descendants of the nine knights who accompanied Don Jaime I. ("El Conquistador"), who subjected these islands to Spain. Their families have always intermarried and maintained a kind of feudal system in the island. They are called by the people "*Butifarras*" (big sausages), and have each a country seat as well as a house in Palma. A stay in Palma is very agreeable. It is free from trippers, the people are very pleasing and naturally polite, and crime is said to be almost unknown in the island. At the *Fonda* I had the pleasure of meeting the daughters of the great Oxford Professor and Historian of the Norman Conquest, and in their very charming society to visit the most picturesque and interesting little town of Soller. On the drive there we explored the old monastery of Valdemosa, called the Cartuja (Chartreuse), where George Sand lived for some time, and, having been given introductions by Mr. Marc, were most hospitably received by the Austrian Grand Duke, cousin of the Empress, at his most exquisitely situated Château of Miramar on the north coast. He met us and took us through all his show rooms, in which he has a fine collection of old chests and cabinets, and some very quaint old Majolica ware. We arrived

in the afternoon at Soller, a most romantic and pretty village situated in a hollow, through which a streamlet runs, and surrounded by mountains of two to three thousand feet. It is perfectly clean and salubrious. The ground is all cultivated, and every vegetable seems grown. It was early in February. The apple, plum, and almond trees were one mass of blossom, and the lemon and orange trees were groaning with delicious fruits; the hill slopes are laid out in little terraces, and pretty houses abound in the midst of the olive, carab, and oranges trees around; the people are invariably most friendly and courteous, and one is greeted with kindly salutations, such as, "*bon dias tenga*" (may you have a good day), by the fair Mallorquinas, who are very good-looking, and wear the *rebosillo* head-dress in becoming style.

With the morning chocolate they give a kind of half cake and half pastry, called *ensimada*, which is decidedly good. Under the archway leading to the houses is a small court with perhaps a cosy nook and a *brasēro* (a brazen vessel filled with burning charcoal, round which they sit and place their feet), and people walk in and out of each other's houses in the most friendly and unceremonious manner. At one house I heard a Majorca song containing the pretty verse :—

A MALLORQUINA, WITH REBOSILLO HEAD-DRESS.

"Un estrella se han perdido,
En el cielo y non parece;
En tu, cara, se ha metido,
Y en ta fronte resplendece."

A star has been lost,
And no longer appears in the heavens;
In you, dearest, it has placed itself,
And in your forehead shines resplendent.

I thought Soller quite unique in its way, and altogether one of the most interesting little beauty spots I ever visited. Returning to Palma, we visited on the way the lovely country house of the Count de Montenegro, called Raja. There we saw the priceless chart of the old world by Valsequa, supposed to have belonged to Americo Vespucci, with the ink-stain spilt on it by George Sands, when copying it. The Americans had offered to convey it across the Atlantic in a frigate sent expressly for it, and keep a double sentry over it at the Chicago Exhibition, but the proud and obstinate old Count refused to let it go. About ninety miles by rail takes one to Manacor, a town at the eastern end of the island, and thence a drive of a few miles to Arta, where is the wonderful *Cueva* (cave) in the cliff over the sea. It is in fact a grand *natural* Cathedral on various levels, with an *Organ*, *Maria Santissima*, *Batisteria*, and an *Inferno*

which is at a considerable depth below. There is in one hall a splendid column seventy-five feet in height, which is called "La Reina." Some halls are 150 feet in height, with splendid columns and stalactites. It is far from being as extensive as the great caves of Adelsberg, but is very curious and apparently little known.

I joined a party of ladies next day and took the rail to Inca, and then a drive of three and a half hours to Lluch, a great place of pilgrimage, on account of a miracle-working virgin (image) there, which we duly inspected in the church. Travellers can put up here at the *hospederia*, under the Rector, but, as it is a *casa santa* (a holy house) they must conform to the rule—*Silencio*—which, in large letters, meets the eye everywhere. A lot of pretty young girls were there, but I could not tempt them out to be photographed. A young lady of our party said it was because they were not quite dressed as they would have wished.

Lluch lies high, about 1,600 feet, but I had on my way thence to Pollenza, to climb with my *guia* (guide) and mule, some 800 feet higher, and then descend into a beautiful valley running down to the sea. The ridge we crossed is of a very curious geological formation, resembling parts of the Dolomites, and is the most

singular piece of sharp pinnacle points I ever saw. The excursion is a fatiguing one on foot, and I was glad to arrive at the rather primitive *Fonda* at Pollenza. Stone floors, marble-topped tables, no table-cloths, etc., etc., and a cold cutting wind penetrating everywhere—such is the *Fonda* at Pollenza. Next day a youth escorted me up the *Puig* (pro. Pooich) de la Virgen. It is a steep ascent of some 900 feet. At the summit is a glorious *vista* of the whole north of the island. We looked down on Alcudia with its old Moorish walls and its splendid bay, and, about fifty miles off, the Island of Minorca, with the town of Ciudadela distinctly visible through a glass. It was from the Torre of the *Hospederia* that I beheld this glorious panorama. Accommodation is given gratis for twenty-eight persons, but they must take their own provisions. This *Puig* is a place of pilgrimage, as there is a great treasure there. It is stated in an account which is framed and hanging up in one of the chapels, that in 1348 (a hundred years after the conquest of the island by Don Jaime I., King of Arragon), some pious folk from Spain were exploring the *Puig*, when they found an image of Maria Santissima and the Bambino in a hollow in the rocks. This had miraculously been there hidden in the time of the Moors. Of

course, this story, like all similar ones, *must* be true. Next day the *Amo* (landlord) of the *Fonda* drove me to the *Puerto* of Alcudia, where I slept at a *casa de Huespedes* (house for guests), and *al amanecer* (daybreak) embarked for Mahon, the capital of Minorca.

MINORCA (Menorca).

And a most glorious daybreak it was; just as the coursers of the Sun God burst through some cloudlets in the golden east, the gentle Luna, his vis-à-vis, was lazily sinking behind the Puig de la Virgen. At 1 p.m. we were in the magnificent Puerta Mahon, with the shattered Fort San Filipe on our left, which was captured during the war of succession in Spain by General Stanhope in 1708. When Minorca was recaptured from us in 1756 by the Duc de Richelieu—after which the island remained French for seven years,—it was considered that Admiral Byng ought to have gone to the relief of this Fort, and for this neglect of duty he was brought to court-martial and shot at Spithead on board the "Monarch." The island was restored to England, but in 1782 was attacked by France and Spain combined, when

A TALAYOT IN MINORCA.

Fort San Filipe was heroically defended by General Murray, who had, however, to yield to a greatly superior force. The English again captured Minorca in 1792, but it was ceded to Spain in 1802 by the Treaty of Amiens. The capital, Mahon, shows many traces of the English occupation during last century. The sashes of the windows are of the old English pattern, with the six panes above and six below, and three in a row. I am not aware that this is seen anywhere out of Great Britain, but in this little island; many English expressions also are still used there, and the boys in playing marbles say "knuckle down." The Port is one of the finest in Europe, and could shelter the largest fleet. The Spaniards have a saying that "there are only four safe ports in the Mediterranean, viz:—June, July, August, and Port Mahon."

The island is celebrated for the very remarkable monuments found there, and called Talăyots. The favourite theory seems to be that they are to mark the tombs of illustrious persons, and that the prehistoric people who erected them were worshippers of ancestors. The monument is a massive "upright," surmounted by a large square horizontal slab, on which, perhaps, human sacrifices were offered; upright stones are around like at

Stonehenge, but smaller. There are generally caves also around, in many of which the niches still remain, where the dead were deposited. These caves are now the abode of sheep, goats, and pigs. The entrances to some of them reminded me of old Etruscan work; the Consul, M. Segui, who showed me his very pretty collection of paintings of these monuments, told me that the name *talăyot* is derived from *atalayar*, to "mount guard," and that they have been used as watch towers by successive races of Phœnicians, Carthagenians, Romans, Moors, and Christians.

The people of Minorca are good-natured, easy-going, and very courteous to strangers; their villages are all most scrupulously clean, and the houses all whitewashed inside and out—in fact, whitewashing is one of their chief occupations. Cleanliness is their great characteristic, and the peasants' houses are models. As a writer in "Murray's Guide" says in speaking of them:—"A man who has only one and a half frs. a day as wages, and a little bit of garden, has a good commodious stone house, well furnished, exquisitely clean, and always with a spare bed for a stranger, on which a prince might sleep. The character of the people is in exact harmony with their surroundings—they are polite and hospitable,

crime is unknown, and a beggar does not exist in the island." I was one day exploring Fort San Filipe, above mentioned, and was admiring the fine Fort in a most commanding position on the opposite side of the entrance to the harbour, named Fort Isabel II. No one is allowed to visit this Fort, and even the professional photographer of Mahon is forbidden to take a photograph of it. It so happened that a few days before an Englishman's yacht had run aground below, and having been given permission by the commander of the guard to take a photo of this yacht, I found it easy to turn my kodak, so as to get a very fair view of the castle also. After four days' stay, I had a fine passage of seven hours in a small *vapor* back to Alcudia, in Majorca, and by carriage and rail reached Palma the same day, and in a few days after was back in Barcelona.

Barcelona is certainly a busy cosmopolitan sort of town, and its Rambla is a fine promenade. Its Cathedral is interesting. I was taking a turn one afternoon round the cloisters, when two stray females accosted me, and performed for my edification, in front of me, a species of "danse du ventre," with now and then a kick up; but they compounded for this rather sacrilegious exhibition, by giving a little bobbing curtsey before every old Saint's figure as they passed along.

I was mentioning this to an acquaintance in the evening, and he told me there is an enlightened place in Cataluña where all the domestic animals—cows, sheep, dogs, cats, poultry, &c.—are made to fast rigidly on Good Friday, and where all the little dogs' tails are tied up with black crêpe during Lent.

I had arranged to visit a place of great interest, Montserrat, so went by rail to Monistrol, and then by the funicular, or, as the Spaniards call it, the "*cremallera*." The engine in rear pushes up one large carriage divided in two, the front part the "clase de lujo," the other the "general"; it is very well managed, and after a climb of one hour and a quarter, we arrived at the "Monastery of Montserrat." The scenery is indeed grand, and worth going any distance to see; the *invention* of the "Virgen," in a hole up here, was a grand idea, and I think the proprietor of the *Fonda* adjoining the Monastery must especially bless her memory.

Next morning at 5.30 the dawn approached, and, as my room in the casa of Santa Teresa looked nearly east, I was roused by sunrise, and soon on the move; after my *chocolat complet* at the *Fonda*, I started for a steady climb of one and a half hours, to a ridge from which I enjoyed one of the finest views in Europe. To the

THE MONASTERY AT MONTSERRAT.

east and far away below, was the river, and beyond it the *vega* between Montserrat and San Lorenzo—(they are of about the same height, 3,000 feet); on the north the snow-capped Pyrenees; close below me on the west, and winding southwards was the enormous cleft of 1,500 feet in the mountain, which took place at the moment of the Crucifixion; on the further side of the cleft rose the wonderful *aiguilles*, towering to 4,000 feet, and, in the distance, the hermitage of San Geronimo, and three other hermitages—there are twelve in all, placed in very inaccessible spots, and approached by precipitous paths. Montserrat is one of the holiest places in Europe, but I found at the *Fonda* that whilst conforming to the rule of *no meat* on Friday, they could give us as good a dinner even on Good Friday itself as I wish for, viz., a real good vegetable soup, two courses of fish, cauliflowers and broad beans, pastry, cheese, fruit, and excellent *vino*. Sunday was Domingo de Ramos (Palm Sunday), and there was a great procession, and great reverence shown to a fine black *Virgen* high up under a cupola over the high altar. The most holy spot in the place, however, is a small cave approached by a very precipitous path, where is the original black *Virgen*, which lay hidden there during the Moorish occupation of Spain, and to

which, monarchs from all parts of Europe have made their pilgrimages. Three days on this most beautiful mountain may be very agreeably spent. My next move was to Lérida, the second town in Cataluña, celebrated for its ancient Cathedral, but, on applying for the requisite permit to visit it, to the Gobierno Militar, he most courteously explained to me that it was "*completamente prohibido.*" It is in the Castillo (the Fort), which is in a very commanding position certainly, and considered an important one. I witnessed, however, a most wonderful procession, commencing with many bearded warriors of the 15th century, with pikes, followed by a swarm of those *misericordias*, with long conical head-dresses and screened faces, with two holes for their eyes; then came numbers of acolytes and priests, and large crucifixion groups; then came Maria Santissima in all her glory, her heart transfixed with seven swords ("*Nuestra Señora de los siete dolores*") ("Our Lady of the seven sorrows"). All taking part had this badge on the breast. After Maria Santissima came a military band and all the troops. Six hours by rail brought me to Zaragoza, where I stayed for a week at the Europa Hotel, and was very well treated. Visitors to Spain do not appear much to frequent Zaragoza, but I found very much to see of

great interest. I first visited the old *Aljaferia*, the Palace of the Moorish Sheiks, and afterwards, of the Kings of Arragon, and now a depôt for rifles piled in rows from floor to ceiling. Here, in one room, is a curious motto on the ceiling, "*Zanto Wonta*"; meaning, "one is as good as another," or, the Queen is equal to the King. It originated in some joke. There is also a small mosque in which the Moorish work is exquisite. There are two fine Cathedrals at Zaragoza; *La Seo* (from *sedes*, from which also our word *See*) is of a rather mixed style of architecture, but there is some fine Gothic work of the 15th century especially in the *retablo*. But the Cathedral of *El Pilar* contains the *holy of holies*, nothing less than the jasper pillar on which the Virgin stood when she appeared to a saint they call *Santiago*, soon after the Crucifixion. Here also is Titian's splendid "Ecce Homo," but, as this was the "*Semana Santa*" (Holy Week), one had to intrigue with the Sacristan to see it, as everything is draped in black. I inspected in El Pilar some very curious old tapestry, in which Apollo is represented as a centaur playing the lyre to maidens around, with the inscription commencing "Herbipotens Chiron." *Domingo di Pascua* (Easter Sunday) arrived, with the first grand

bull fight of the year, in honour of Nuestra Señora la Virgen del Pilar! How the gentle *Madre di Dios*, the blessed Trinity, and all the Saints must appreciate this polite attention! More than 10,000 people were present, and there was great diversion. One lively *Toro* got over the barrier six times, endeavouring to escape from his tormentors; another had eight banderillas in him, all of which held, and four times the *Espada* gave him what ought to have been his "happy dispatch," before he fell. Fifteen horses were slaughtered. When the *chulos* appeared to be "playing" too much with the *Toro*, the people formed the idea that the horses were being economised, and there were yells of "Otro caballo! otro caballo!" (another horse).

A most interesting relic of the past was being demolished when I was there — the celebrated *Torre Nueva*, as it was considered dangerous. During the celebrated siege its bells were always rung when the watchman on it saw that a gun was about to be fired, when all the people would kneel, crossing themselves, and then fly to the defence. *Guerra al cuchillo* (war to the knife) was their cry and answer, when called on to surrender. Of course, the gate still exists where the renowned Maid of Zaragoza led on the troops:—

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain, she fills his fatal post."

The siege will always be spoken of as one of the most remarkable in history.

I went on to Pamplona, halting at night at Tudela, which has a venerable Cathedral, but not very much else. At Pamplona I put up at the Fonda "La Perla," which is built on the Plaza, where 10,000 Jews were burnt alive one evening to complete some nuptial festivities! There is a chapel to Ignatius Loyola in the vicinity, the bells of which, I recollect, commenced at 4 a.m., and, with an occasional rest of five minutes, continued till noon; this makes an *inferno* of any place. It is a well-fortified town and strong; its guns sweep the country far around. From here I had a drive by diligence of about seventeen miles to Aviz, where I found a good Fonda, with four nice young girls, sisters, who do the waiting. I had the happiness of being attended to by *Hypolita*. Having secured two horses overnight, one for myself and one for my equipage (two Gladstone bags), and a *chico* (boy), I started early next morning for Burguete. The sun was very strong, air very fine, and the youth very fond of ventilating his patois, —at length becoming quite irate with me for not under-

standing it; so when I thought fit to dismount and walk, that youth, to my delight, was considerably bothered with the two horses. Burguete is quite in the Basque country, and I was glad to have the chance of seeing something of these interesting people. A few miles through a fine forest of chestnuts and beeches brought me to Roncesvalles, called by the French Roncesvaux. I was on high ground, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet elevation, and the only green on the trees was the mistletoe, called by the Basques *misrula*. The highest mountain near here is the Altobiscardo, which was snow-clad. It was whilst descending the slopes of this mountain, in the direction of France, that Charlemagne's rear-guard was cut to pieces by the Basques. I also saw the mountain road by which Napoleon's artillery crossed. Having secured a room at the Fonda, I went and presented a letter "*recommending*" me to the *Beneficio* (something less than a canon) of the Monasterio. I was then shewn many relics of great value and interest, kept higgledy-piggledy in ancient cupboards,—a beautiful gold cross with two little upright glass tubes at the base, each containing one thorn of about 1½ inches, from the crown of Christ, a splendid crown for Maria Santissima with fine emeralds and diamonds; a fine pendant with large

square emerald and diamond crosses, with all the attributes of Christ; a very finely worked gold chain; a hemisphere of ivory, carved exquisitely inwards from the base as though in a cave, and representing the Deity and Cherubs, Virgin and Child and Saints (the Prior could not praise it too highly and lovingly); the works of Confucius; a wonderful volume in silver case of manuscript of the time of Charlemagne; and lastly, the Zapatillas (slippers) of Roland, finely broad-toed and sensible. After two days at Roncesvalles I started northwards by diligence, for a drive of eighteen kils., winding in and out down huge spurs of Altobiscardo, to Valcarlos (the Spanish frontier town); then a drive of twelve kils. past the French frontier town of Arneguy, to St. Jean-pied-de-port, a pretty little town with a fort on a commanding height. It has subterranean accommodation for 5,000 men. I met there an Englishman who had been in France since the age of eight; he could not speak a word of English. It was a great pleasure to me to rest for a few days in this little town and think over the interesting country I had just left and which I had well explored. Throughout Spain one is struck by what appears to be arrested development; its glory is in its past, "the close of the fifteenth century was the most glorious epoch in its annals, and after this it sank into

a state of paralytic torpor." Freedom of thought, especially on religious matters, does not exist. The first thing has always been the professing the faith, and, the stagnation of intellect, which was brought about by the perpetual persecution of all who ventured to think for themselves, is everywhere apparent.

Everyone is deemed a heretic, deserving to be burnt and damned eternally, who ventures to believe anything but what the Church in its ignorance, believes. Toscanelli was declared a heretic for declaring that there was an undiscovered country in the West. Someone has cleverly pointed out that "Radicals are the *derrière* of the nation; whichever way the head turns, they naturally turn in the opposite direction." So precisely is it with the spirit of Popery and the spirit of the world; whatever is shewn to be true by experience or science, is so surely opposed by the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church; and, the spirit that put Galileo to the torture, for saying that the earth went round the sun, and banished Averroes for saying that the earth was round, is rampant still. Yet it is satisfactory to find that even their blind, unreasoning faith has sometimes to yield to superior force, for even Spain has an old proverb which says, "If the Fates are against you, the Saints are of no use."

IV.

A SUMMER ON THE GOLD COAST.

A SUMMER ON THE GOLD COAST.

"I've wandered, but it was in vain,
In many a far and foreign clime,
Absence is not forgetfulness,
And distance cannot vanquish time."

L. E. L.

THERE are certainly more enjoyable countries on earth than the Gold Coast, especially between April and October; it is emphatically a good place to get away from. In 1864 a small Ashanti war was being waged, and the prospect of active service and promotion are temptations to the British officer not to be resisted. Having been, by good fortune, offered my Company by general purchase into the 4th West India Regiment, I was soon *en route* for Cape Coast Castle.

I had the pleasure of going out with Captain Glover, just appointed Governor of Lagos; it was he who raised the corps of Houssas, since so celebrated; his most

interesting memoirs have been published in a charming volume by Lady Glover, his widow.

After touching at Madeira and Teneriffe, we went straight away to Bathurst at the mouth of the Gambia, and next touched at Sierra Leone; on the Gold Coast the serf was so bad that the mail steamer anchored at two miles distance from shore, and waited for two days, before passengers could land; it was impossible even then to land in the ship's boats. Two very large canoes at length came out from shore, each manned by twenty-five natives, all yelling "White man come agin, a come agin, a come agin, bring we de money"; it seemed a desperate venture, however, in them, but to the above dismal chorus, we succeeded in struggling ashore; in shooting between the rocks close to shore, one of my chests went overboard, but was recovered next morning, with the contents improved, of course.

The heat was intense, naturally, and little could be done excepting in the very early morning and evening. I remark that one occasionally meets people who say that the climate of the Gold Coast is not so very bad; let them serve there from May to December inclusive, not simply during the *best* months when white troops are sent out, and *then* their opinion may be worth hearing.

In June the rain came down in torrents, and through the roof of the Castle as through a sieve; the damp, of course, was extreme, and dysentery (the fatal complaint there) was at its worst; no good food, excepting tinned provisions, was to be had; a fine bullock was carried slung on a stick between two men; a whole sheep was cooked as though it were one joint, and it was difficult to find enough on it for six men! A doctor, who had just arrived, said that he had observed a number of wild turkeys flying about, so he went out shooting, and succeeded in bringing home some of those interesting and *savoury* birds known as "Johnnie Crows"—they are carrion vultures, and they by day, and the hyenas by night, are the only scavengers in the place! Vive le sport!

The "little war" proved to be a "great farce"; we were separated from Kumassie by 200 miles of swamp, and, although a few officers with small detachments managed to cross the Prah to Prahsu, the majority were sent to flounder about for a few miles into the interior, there to die from dysentery or fever; there never had been made sufficient preparations for a war; the only troops there, were the 4th West India Regiment and a wing of the 2nd West India Regiment; there were those

present who could have organized and carried out proper transport and commissariat arrangements, but it was an impossible time of year. Of the small force above named, nearly thirty English officers and 200 men, natives of the tropics, had died in a year and a half.

Many "palavers" were held at Government House, and many "jaw-bones," etc., arrived, purporting to come from the King of Ashanti, who was supposed to be laughing in his imaginary sleeve, at the idea of the white man getting through the swamps. One day the king of some friendly tribe visited the town; he was carried on a species of palanquin, with mace-bearers in front and rear; many scantily-clad warriors surrounded him, bravely gesticulating and firing blank cartridges into the air. The royal party halted, and his majesty alighted to walk; the pomp and circumstance of royalty were greatly enhanced by the exceeding elegance of his kingly robes, which consisted *solely* of an English soldier's coatee, which he had fastened behind so that the tails hung in front; he wore nothing else, and bore himself proudly along, his followers contemplating him with delight; the effect was imposing and æsthetic! The news having reached home of the death of a son of Sir John Hay, who had been in the bush with his detach-

ment, orders were soon sent out for the recall of all the troops from the interior, and thus terminated this most ridiculous *so-called* war,* generally spoken of on the Coast as the "red ribbon" war, because, I presume, no one succeeded in getting one. Shortly afterwards, a surgeon-general, of great experience in Madras, was sent out from home to investigate the cause of the terrible mortality. I well recollect his expatiating to Colonel Conran, commanding the troops—a man who had served long in West Africa,—and pointing out, that, considering the Castle was built on rocks close to the sea, of which the spray even dashed in at the windows, certainly *there* the climate itself could not be so bad, and that the deaths at Cape Coast must have had other causes—intemperance, etc. In less than one month, when the mail steamer arrived homeward bound, this learned disciple of Æsculapius was himself down with dysentery, and had to be carried on board in a hammock, cursing the Coast and the powers which had sent him there, and hoping that he might live to reach Sierra Leone!

There is now an Italian savant, one Doctor Samboni, who has informed the world that dysentery in *central*

* For accounts of this Ashanti War, see the *Times* of February to May, 1864.

Africa is caused by drinking bad water; of course it is, and had he been sent out in 1864, he would, perhaps, have enlightened us with the same idea, but I do not recollect water being much used as a *drink* at the Castle! Perhaps the reason was that we had no fresh water whatever, but what was obtained by the condensing machine from the sea water.

The Gold Coast, then, was certainly the land of death; many animals have been taken there from the West Indies—donkeys, mules, Jamaica-bred horses and dogs—but all have died in a few weeks; the oxen and sheep were always brought down from the interior. Sierra Leone, the so-called white man's grave, was our health station, and happy was the fortunate wight considered who managed ever to get a trip there, or to St. Helena, on board a man-of-war.

The Fantis (the native tribe inhabiting the Coast) are a lazy and depraved set, and in every way the reverse of warlike; they are quite old people at forty; their women are, when very young, sprightly and graceful; they wear a peculiar fixture behind, representing a bustle, and called an *antoophoo*; the young girls have their breasts and shoulders bare; soon after puberty, which is very early, one shoulder is covered, and both

shoulders when married; they walk and carry themselves well, and have an extremely graceful form of salute, namely, by a gentle motion of the hand, uncovering one shoulder as they approach anyone they wish thus to compliment. The *ladies* of the tribe wear their hair in spikes, or in some other fashion always high on the head, so as to show that they are not in the habit of carrying weights.

We are, by holding the Gold Coast, supposed, among other things, to keep down the slave trade, and perhaps we do succeed in preventing slaves being actually shipped off from Cape Coast; but every native on the Coast is born a slave. It is, as it was under the good old patriarchal system, in the time of Jacob; the father or head of the family may dispose of his family as he pleases; they are his property, and he may sell or pawn them; a girl may be bought for an ounce of gold dust (£3 7s. 6d.). I do not know whether English money passes now among the natives, but the money was gold dust and cowry shells; a ton of cowries equalled about £70 in value.

The habits and mode of life of these people are not calculated to improve the sanitary condition of the Coast; they bury their dead underneath their houses, with

nuggets of gold, if they have any, or, perhaps, cowries if they have not, round the body; and,—in the case of a man—with a pipe and a glass of rum by his side, under the belief that such articles may be of service to him, and that his spirit, which hovers about for some time, may be appeased and not molest them.

Their simple Fetich worship seems to be quite well adapted to them; so long as all goes well, the Fetich is cared for, but if any great calamity happens, it is dragged through the mud and treated with all indignity, and a fresh one instituted. In Benin the King himself is the Fetich. The Fetich customs vary according to the particular dispositions of the different tribes; human sacrifices, crucifying a virgin if there has been too much rain, and immolating one if there has not been rain enough, etc., and every description of diabolical atrocity is carried out if the priests say it is necessary.

Fetichism is defined as "that state of worship in which ordinary material objects are regarded as the vehicles of supernatural powers." The great Ashanti Fetich, as they are a warlike tribe, was the skull of Sir John McCarthy, whose small force of Gold Coast Militia was beaten by them; he killed himself to avoid falling into their hands.

A small Fetich is usually worn round the neck as a charm. As I was mess president, it was necessary to keep sometimes rather a large amount of money, and I procured a Fanti boy to look after my room, in my absence and that of my soldier servant; he always wore his Fetich, in which he devoutly believed; and he also respected mine, which I established, viz., a small marrow bone with a piece of blue ribbon; this I always placed, to his knowledge, in the drawer containing the money. I knew that, with him, it was safe, because no missionaries had ever tampered with his simple faith, or with that of any member of his family; had they done so, they would merely have succeeded in uprooting what cherished beliefs he had been brought up in, and have substituted for it a tissue and jargon of incomprehensibilities, which have never any effect for good in the savage convert. The never-ending farrago of apparent impossibilities and contradictions, and the curious string of supposed-to-be-pious expressions and war cries—such as we behold over the Salvation Army's establishment in Oxford Street—carry not the slightest meaning to him; he becomes impressed with the idea that the white man's religion is some kind of masonry—a craft whereby he may become enabled to overreach and outwit his

fellow men. These native converts are always distrusted. In the East, as in the West, no officer ever takes a Christianised native as a servant. At Cape Palmas, which was the great missionary establishment on the West Coast, the natives were all Christians, and so bad, that even slavers avoided the district. There was once a heathen but observant Chinee who remarked, "Wherever Christianity gets a footing, either annihilation or bondage awaits the people—alternatives to which we poor heathen have decided objections."

As may be supposed, for the officers of a West India regiment, life on the Coast is rather a dreary monotony, with an incessant struggle against the vile climate, varied occasionally, in 1864, by the rumours connected with the bogus war with Ashanti. There is very little crime among the soldiers of a West India regiment. They are paid (or were) three times a month, and hand the whole of their money to their "mammies," as they call their female belongings; these women are, to all intents and purposes, their wives, and look after them, do their washing, etc.

A very fine young soldier had one day caught a comrade *en flagrant délit* with his *inamorata*, and, intensely provoked, stabbed him in the back and killed him; the

man was tried by the civil power, and, as the foreman of the jury was an interested party—being the *undertaker* of the place,—was found guilty of *murder*, and sentenced to be hanged. The feeling throughout the regiment was very strongly in the young fellow's favour, and it was deemed advisable, on the day of execution, to have a force of 100 men to keep the ground. As I was in command of the regiment, and the only captain available for duty, I detailed myself to command this party. The unfortunate man was marched nearly two miles to the place of execution, in Her Majesty's uniform. Now, as the man had been in the civil gaol and tried by civil power, this was an insult to the troops. The poor young fellow made a very soldier-like farewell to his comrades, and the wretched, harrowing spectacle commenced. The bungling fellow, who had the whole conduct of the business, allowed the victim to reel off the platform without getting the benefit of the drop, and he consequently writhed about for a quarter of an hour, and then, whilst still moving, was cut down and jammed into a miserable box, called, by courtesy, a coffin. No magistrate or doctor was present ; the whole thing was managed by the executioner, who then, having thrown away his cutlass, bolted in fear to the bush, and was never heard of again.

The indignation throughout the regiment at all this was very great; the officers and non-commissioned officers present declared that life was not extinct when the body was cut down. I wrote at once a *private* letter to my kind old friend, Mr. Hassalls, the chaplain, who had left as soon as his sad duties were over, asking him if he could persuade the authorities to order that the body should be disinterred, to ascertain, by surgical examination, whether the man was actually dead when placed in the coffin. The chaplain, as he said, in "the interests of humanity," forwarded my letter to the Governor, who thereupon tried to induce the officer commanding the troops to persuade me to withdraw the letter. This, Colonel Conran declined to do; however, four Courts of Enquiry were held, with a view, principally, to frighten me into withdrawing my statements, and reflections, which, of course, I had made. I declined, in any way, to withdraw or alter what I had stated.

Several days after the execution, as it was thought possible that the facts might reach home, and appear in the London papers, it was thought advisable to conduct a *post-mortem*; accordingly, in this tropical climate, at about noon one intensely hot day in August, on the fourth day after the execution, the absurd farce was pro-

ceeded with of disinterring and examining the body. In spite of the awful heat, and the overpowering stench, hundreds of people of both sexes were present, and a most extraordinary sight presented itself; the "petrified spectators were struck with wonder and alarm" at what they beheld, and the women, with one accord, exclaimed in their quaint but expressive vernacular, "Oh! me Jehovah! de poor man not dead yet!" A very vigorous practitioner performed, and displayed great muscular force when cutting into the neck of the corpse, which only confirmed the opinion of all present but himself, that the neck *had never been dislocated.* There are still to be seen the written opinions of all the officers and white non-commissioned officers present, and they are unanimous on the subject. The next little act in the tragi-comedy was to place me in arrest, by the Governor's directions, for declining to contradict what I had stated. I remained so until my name appeared gazetted to a British regiment, when I was allowed to go home. Some little good came of all this, as an order was issued shortly afterwards, that at all colonial executions a magistrate and a doctor were to be present. I believe the Governor came home and died in a lunatic asylum the following year.

Koffee, the Ashanti king, was, in 1874, relieved of his umbrella, and a successor of his, King Prempeh, has now been deposed from his government and taken to Sierra Leone, where he has developed a taste for *benedictine* and embroidered yellow satin trousers.

There is now even a railway to Kumassi, and this may help to develop the country. There is little doubt as to the gold to be found there; a woman, in a morning's work, could, especially after rain, obtain from the earth washed down from the hills, two shillings' worth of gold, by means of a calabash.

Before I left, the "smokes" had set in. These are vaporous exhalations along the shore; the damp was extreme and everything was covered with a thick mould; decay was very rapid, and even iron, having rusted, peeled and crumbled away rapidly. Suddenly, the harmattan wind would set in, when the ground—parched and dried up—began to crack in every direction; trees had a blighted appearance, leaves of books crinkled up, one's skin became affected with a kind of psoriasis and peeled off in flakes. But this was the healthy season!

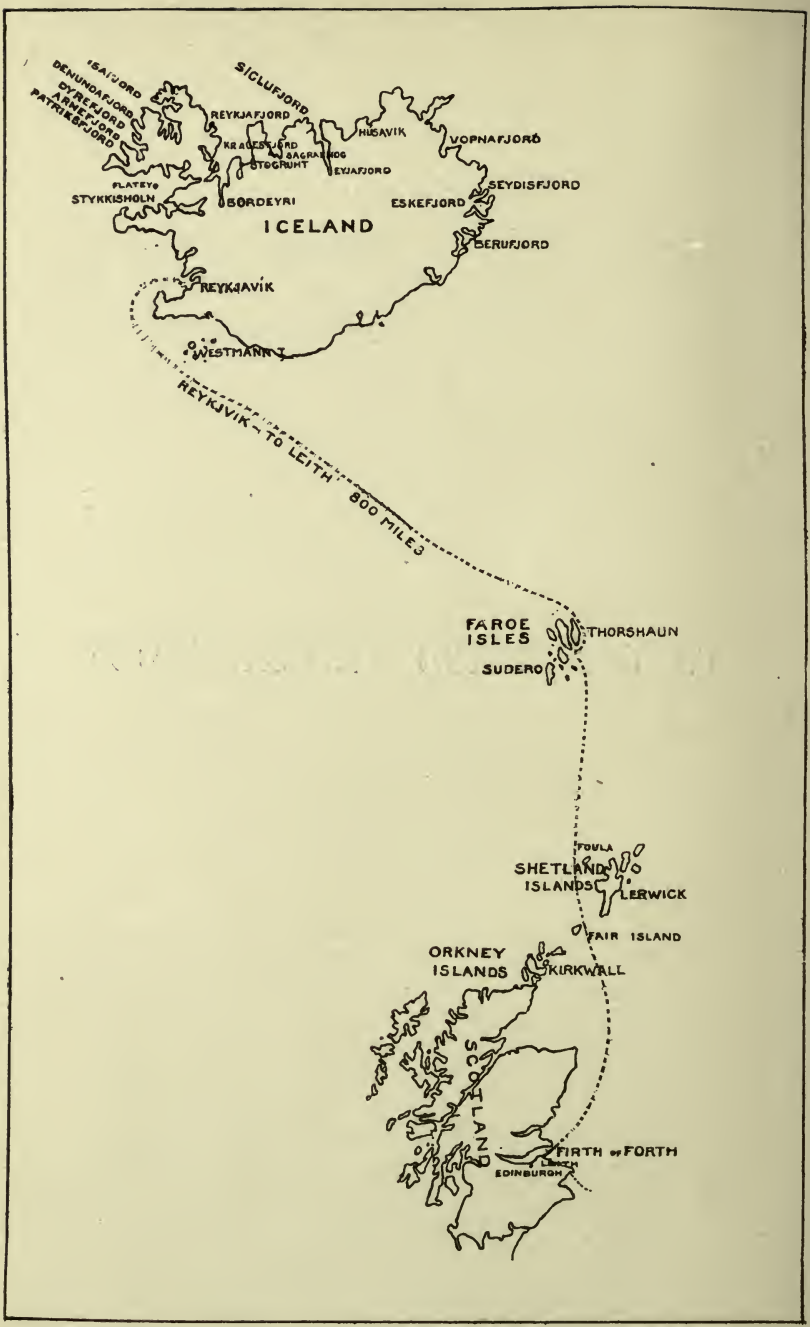
It was a pleasure indeed to start homewards, even in a Royal African mail steamer. It is not a very favourite service, and, in fact, a master of the Royal Navy, whom

we picked up at Sierra Leone, considered that the laws of *delirium tremens* appeared to regulate everything, *especially the navigation*, on board our ship. The good gods, however, looked after us, and, having touched at the usual places, and spent Christmas Day at Bathurst on the Gambia, we were speeding northwards, when, about a hundred miles west of Corunna, we espied, on the horizon, a large three-master with her sails flapping about. We altered our course, and, having approached and boarded her, found she was laden with timber from Newfoundland, had lost her rudder, and was abandoned. There was not so much as a cat on the ship. We put a volunteer crew on board, who thought they could extemporize a rudder and get her into Corunna. We afterwards heard, however, that they had failed in their attempts, and, having raised signals of distress, were taken on board another vessel. They set fire to the *derelict* and destroyed her, as she was dangerous, being in the immediate line of vessels. A few days afterwards, to our joy, we were informed one afternoon that we should sight the Tusca light over the *port* bows at about 5 p.m., but instead, at about 4 p.m. we decried a light over the *starboard* bows. We were *only* out by the full breadth of St. George's Channel, and were gaily running straight on to the Skelly rocks

on the coast of Cardiganshire! We *did* eventually reach Liverpool! I have never since visited the Gold Coast on *pleasure*, even to purchase a virgin for an ounce of gold dust!

V

TO THULE AND ULTIMA THULE.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THORSHAUN
SUDERO
FOULA
SHETLAND ISLANDS
LERWICK
FAIR ISLAND
ORKNEY ISLANDS
KIRKWALL
SCOTLAND
FIRTH of FORTH
LEITH
EDINBURGH

TO THULE AND ULTIMA THULE.

For any lymphatic person in quest of stimulus, or for *you*, who have perhaps been too "long in city pent," or enjoying the London season, there is no finer change of air and scene than that which you may revel in, as I did, by taking it leisurely *viâ* Lincoln, York, Newcastle, Berwick, and Edinburgh, and embarking finally at Aberdeen for a run in the Orkney and Shetland Isles. An excellent steamer, the "St. Magnus," so called after the patron saint of Orkney, arrived at daybreak, on the morning after starting, at Lerwick (pro. Lehrrwick), the capital of Shetland. The fine exhilarating air appeared to have somewhat the effect of champagne on the system, and soon renovated the energies of those, whose slumbers, in consequence of the dancing about of a rather lively ship, had been more theoretical than real. Long before it was possible to obtain any breakfast, even at the Grand Hotel, we were all exploring in every

direction. One narrow flagged street runs through the town, and the houses on the sea side of this street, with their gables close over the water, are suggestive of the good old smuggling days, as cargoes could so conveniently be drawn up from a boat below.

We visited Fort Charlotte, built by Cromwell, where as many as 1,200 men of the Royal Naval Reserve were regularly drilled last winter, the handsome Town Hall, and other public buildings, of which the most northerly town in Great Britain is justly proud. From a point called the "Knab" is a fine view over the southern entrance to the Sound, which forms a very fine natural harbour, and also down the coast, in the direction of Sunburgh Head, described in "The Pirate."

To beguile the next day (Sunday) we took the steam ferry across to the island of Bressay, where the Marquis of Londonderry has his stud farm for breeding "Shelties," as they call the little Shetland ponies. Having walked across the island some three miles, we were rowed across to the Isle of Noss, and walked up to the celebrated Noup, as they call the fine headland of over 600 feet. As we approached the edge of the tremendous cliffs, myriads of sea birds came round us, hovering about, and uttering their cries of rage and alarm — gulls and

skouries, guillemots, kittiwakes, puffins, and gannets with a bark like that of a dog—all thinking we might be cragsmen, bent on disturbing their nests. The extraordinary Holm of Noss is a detached mass of rock, separated from Noss by an enormous chasm, across which a cradle used to ride to and fro on two ropes, so that one man at a time could cross with a sheep. On our return we were conducted by the factor (agent) over the stud farm, and shown many beautiful little animals. The stallions are well-shaped, sturdy little animals indeed, and, as a rule, from 32 to 38 inches in height. I photographed the smallest ever known—he was less than 30 inches (7½ hands) in height, with good chest and neck, a splendid mane and tail, and was a well-mannered, docile little fellow. They are valued at from one to several hundred pounds. Of course, geldings are to be bought for from ten to twenty guineas. We came across many, grazing at large on the island, some covered with wool several inches thick. It is melancholy to think that these interesting animals are bred small so that they may work underground in the mines in Cumberland—a wretched destiny, indeed.

One is most favourably impressed with the Shetlanders; anyone who appreciates the Norwegians will

like them at once. The men are fine fellows, the girls good-looking, and the pretty, well-behaved children, in Lerwick and everywhere in the country round, are a pleasure to see. The people are distinctly of Scandinavian type, being all fair-haired; their familiar expressions, as also their geographical terms, are all Norse, such as vik (or wick), ness, strom, holm, voe (a small fiord), etc.

They are proud of their capital, Lerwick, which they consider is solely owing to their own efforts, with no external assistance. They altogether resent being considered in any way Scotch, and regard the Scotch as foreigners, and give one to understand that they are tired of being so perpetually informed that Bu-r-rns is the only poet.

It is a very fine drive of fourteen miles to Sandwick, and thence across by sailing-boat to the island of Mousa, where is the curious old Pictish castle called the "Broch of Mousa." It is about forty feet in height, resembling, in shape, a dice-box. There is a spiral staircase between its inner and outer walls, and marks showing that there were beams across, forming two upper stories; it, no doubt, was used for storing provisions, for a look-out tower, and as a place for refuge and defence.

In a few days we started for the western side of the islands, where is, undoubtedly, the finest rock and cliff scenery. Embarking in the little "Earl of Zetland," an excellent sea-boat, we touched in the afternoon at the little island of Fetla, celebrated for its breed of ponies. It appears that a landed proprietor, some years past, introduced a mustang among his stock, with apparently good results. We passed many islands and rocks, and sighted the outer Skerries ; but certainly the scenery is tame, generally speaking, on the *eastern* side. After passing the night in Balta Sound, off the northernmost island of Unst, we turned southwards, after touching at the island of Yell, and went through Yell Sound to the small village of Ollaberry, where, thanks to my friend's prescience in sending a telegram, we found a machine (a Scotch expression for a trap) to meet us, in which we drove nine miles to Hillswick. Our fellow-travellers had much difficulty in finding accommodation for the night. At Hillswick we lodged, and were hospitably entertained, by payment, at the house of a Mr. Anderson, whom we had met at Ollaberry escorting four little "shelties" and a fine sow, with a sesquipedalian family of fourteen, to the show at Lerwick. This ornament to her sex gained what she deserved—the first prize as a good breeder.

There is nothing of particular interest at Hillswick, but near it is some fine coast scenery. The fates were rather against us, as it was both misty and stormy. We embarked soon after daybreak in the "St. Ninian" (named after the patron saint of Shetland), and soon passed those very curious rocks, the Drougs, springing abruptly from the sea; then followed a most picturesque coast-line, and then we crossed the fine broad bay of St. Magnus, and, after passing Papa Stour and the Skerries, and many beautiful sea-scapes—none of which we could enjoy, in consequence of rain and mist—arrived at Scalloway; it is the second town in Shetland, and is only seven miles by land from Lerwick, which we had left two days before.

Scalloway is noted for its old castle, built by Earl Patrick Stewart, who was the terror of his day. Outside the highest remaining part of the cornice may be seen the iron ring from which he used to hang his prisoners; this monster was executed at last for high treason. He had hidden from the officers sent to apprehend him, in a niche in one of the turrets, but as our cicerone explained, his pipe, of which he was so fond, betrayed him—its smoke indicating his hiding-place. It is all wild moorland around, with peat everywhere, which the

people are allowed to cut gratis, and nothing else is burnt by them; this is the case throughout Orkney and Shetland. The absence of trees everywhere is very striking, and is accounted for in various ways. Firstly, the sea air is against them, and there is no spot in the whole of Shetland which is more than three miles from the sea. However, the trunks of sycamore, firs, etc., found in the peat, prove that there were trees formerly. A sounder reason for the absence of trees seems to be, that, in consequence of the mildness of the winter—the islands deriving the full benefit of the great Gulf Stream—the trees which have been tried there are constantly shooting, when the young shoots are nipped by some northern or eastern blasts; there are a very few sheltered nooks, particularly round the Earl's Palace at Kirkwall (the capital of Orkney), where several trees succeed in the struggle for existence. After a rough night at sea, we reached Stromness, in Pomona, as the principal island in the Orkney group is called; Stromness is the second town in importance, and is the most interesting centre for understanding and visiting the wonders of Orcadia A few miles off is Stenness Loch, celebrated for its excellent trout fishing; in a case at the hotel is the finest trout ever caught there, weighing 29 lbs., 1 yard 2 inches

in length, and 2 feet round the girth. The lake has a communication with the sea, so that I suppose the fish caught there would be considered sea trout. A mile or two from the excellent hotel near the lake, is the Stonehenge of the North, known as the "Standing Stones"; it is a circle of gigantic monoliths, is 120 yards in diameter, and surrounded by a trench; many other huge stones are standing in the neighbourhood. A mile from the lake, in the Kirkwall direction, is the wonderful Maes Howe, a large chambered cairn. Its exterior resembles a mere mound, but, after entering and passing a long passage, I was at once reminded of the celebrated bee-hive tombs of Greece, particularly of the one known as the Treasury of Atreus, at Mykenæ. The stones of which it is built—many of them enormous slabs—are placed like those in the galleries of Tiryns, each one overlapping the one beneath, and thus the four sides approach towards the top. It is built to last for thousands of years. On the walls are more than 900 runic characters, in excellent preservation; also a dragon, formed like that in the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and likewise a serpent twined round a pole—both supposed to be pagan emblems belonging to the original decorations of the tomb. In the walls were four

NORTH GOLTON, ORKNEY.

recesses, in which the dead were probably placed. The whole building is thought to have been a tomb for some Norwegian Jarl, or Chief, and his family. It is private property, and is well looked after. It was here that Cleveland and part of his crew were captured (see "The Pirate").

The island of Hoy is near here, and only separated from Pomona by a narrow strait; in Hoy was the celebrated "Dwarfie Stone" described by Norna.

It is a fine walk to a grand headland near Stromness, called the "Black Craig," commanding an extensive view of the country, and:—

> ". . . . where, far below
> The everlasting waters flow,
> And, round the precipices vast,
> Dance to the music of the blast."

Sir Walter took the idea of Norna of the Fitful Head from an elderly crone, who lived in a cottage at Stromness, and made a small income by "selling favourable winds to credulous skippers." Her little plan was, for a charge of about two shillings, to present the trustful mariner who came to consult her with a small piece of string with three knots in it. If he did not get the wind he required during the first day he was to untie a knot, and

if it were not favourable the next day, a second knot, and so on. This artifice nursed the confiding skipper along, till he was at a safe distance from her!

I stayed for five days exploring Stromness and its most interesting neighbourhood, and then took a little steamer to Scapa, a couple of miles from Kirkwall, the capital. The fine old Norman cathedral, of course, is the lion of Kirkwall. It contains some quaint monuments of Elizabethan date, one with a well-preserved inscription:—"*Here lies ane honest gentleman.*" There is also shown a ladder which was used at executions, and it was explained that on the last occasion of it being so used they had hanged an innocent man, wherefore the community desired that the ladder might be kept ever after in the cathedral, by way of atoning for the error. The Earl's palace is a most picturesque ruin, with a fine banqueting hall, in which Jack Bunce had an interview with Cleveland the Pirate.

At the Town Hall, where is the Masonic Lodge, I was shewn a very old and curious masonic scroll on canvas, about sixteen feet in length and five feet wide. The Deity was represented at the head, pictures from the legend of the Creation, Eve in the Garden of Eden, but no Adam shewn, (which appeared an omission that no

mason could account for); the jewels of the different orders were at the foot of the scroll. It is regarded at Kirkwall as a valuable curiosity.

It is a very quiet and peaceful old town, where, I fancy, the traveller would rather remain for two days than a month. But, if he will take the trouble to ascend the hill, he will be rewarded by a most magnificent panoramic view, over the best part of the Orkney group, and over Portland Firth to Caithness.

My journey, so far, had been very enjoyable, so much so that I wished for more, and, having seen a notice that the well-known steamer, the "St. Sunniva," was to start from Leith, touching at Aberdeen, for a week's cruise, and to visit, expressly, two rarely visited and little known islands, viz., Fair Island and Foula, I left Kirkwall, and, after a most delightful run of eleven hours, reached Aberdeen.

As the "granite city" is not to my taste, I went straight away up to Braemar, and waited there three days. On August 27th I embarked in the "St. Sunniva." It was a splendid night, but as we carried no cargo, the slight swell made the good ship roll consumedly all the way. At about nine a.m., we were off Fair Island, which lies about midway between the Orkney and Shetland groups;

there was a considerable sea on, and we waited near the entrance to the South Bay. After a while, a boat, with four sturdy islanders, came off, and advised us to go round to the North Bay, as a projecting headland there afforded some shelter. We did so, and anchored. It was a perfect morning; fine rugged cliffs, with some very deep caves, on the one side, and a majestic craig of 700 feet on the other, were the surroundings. About thirty of us soon landed on the beach and commenced an hour's walk across the island. It is very hilly and barren, but small crops of standing corn were to be seen. I saw about twenty ponies and some rough-looking sheep, not equal to the pretty sheep of Shetland. Women, mostly with very fair hair and light blue eyes, and not shewing any traces of any Spanish intermixture, came out, offering for sale their bright-coloured hosiery, of patterns which they were taught by the Spanish crew of "El Gran Grifon," the ship of the Spanish Armada, which was wrecked here in 1588. An old man came out to talk to me. I asked him if he knew whereabouts the Spanish ship was wrecked. He answered that it was somewhere in the South Bay, but "it happened before his time, and he didn't exactly know." He told me his age was seventy-seven, and, it was a source of grief to

him that he had not been born one year sooner, as then "he would have been of the same age as our good Queen." He had never left the island, and never had an illness. A woman who had seen me taking a snap-shot of a rock with my kodak, asked me if I would photograph three small boys of hers. I said I would, if some girls standing near would join the group. They said: "But we must go in and dress us"; this they did in about three minutes. I took the whole party round to the sunny side of a crofter's cottage, when a man, the father of the boys, came out and joined the group, of which I took a photograph. The man gave me his name and address, and I promised to send him a copy. A week after this, at Scarborough, I was reading the *Yorkshire Post*, in which was the account of a terrible boat fatality off Fair Island, and the only man whose name was given, as being lost, after two days and nights fearful exposure at sea, was Alexander Eunsen, of Stackhoull, the very man whom I had photographed in the group.

Talking with some fine sturdy-looking men near the lighthouse, I asked if there was a doctor in the island. They answered:—"No, there is no need for a doctor here." I suggested that "it is far better to die a natural

death." They said "Yes," and laughed, as though they quite enjoyed that fine old chestnut.

The little island is only three miles by two in size, with about 250 inhabitants, who pray "for Fair Isle, and the neighbouring islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and also the adjacent groups." We were pleased with our afternoon on shore, and a lady and I carried off their letters for them, and posted them that evening at Scalloway. A sloop from Lerwick every two or three weeks, in fair weather, is the only regular communication with Fair Island.

A couple of hours northwards brought us to within sight of Sunburgh Head, the scene of the wreck of Cleveland's ship, and his rescue by Mordaunt. Next we passed very close to the Fitful Head, somewhat more than 900 feet in height, and tried to imagine Minna and Brenda with their father, toiling up to Norna's dwelling, near the summit, and could hear the—

> "Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
> Dweller of the Fitful Head."

Thanks to our kind and courteous captain, we were allowed to slacken speed when in view of any beautiful scenery. Always my favourite station is up in the bows of the ship, whence one can see around, and best admire

without interruption. I watched, one afternoon, a line of birds, about a quarter of a mile in length, with perhaps two fathoms between each bird. They were advancing in line and dressing accurately by their centre; suddenly, just as we were approaching, the whole line dived together, at, I am convinced, some given signal. It was most curious to observe the cormorants seated in hundreds on a stack or outlying rock, gorged and indisposed to move, and always *one* gull on a prominent point of the rock, doing sentry-go for them; they reward him for his services by giving him some choice dainty little crustacea, which he, not being a diver, cannot find for himself. The captains of several vessels told me that the gull, acting as sentinel for the cormorants, is invariably the rule up here. One day I had been watching for some ten minutes a dolphin, with her baby by her side, keeping exactly in line with the prow of the steamer, and, suddenly, I saw her catch her infant round the waist with her fin, and dive fathoms deep. Of course, we were told of the astounding feats of the great northern diver, which will carry and hatch its eggs under its wing, and which has been even seen to lay an egg in the sea, and then dive and catch it before it reaches the bottom.

After passing the entrances to countless voes and fine headlands and stacks, with myriads of sea-birds revelling in their freedom and absence of annoyance, we anchored for the night and next day (Sunday) at Scalloway, and early next day went round by the ever-varying and picturesque coast, as far as Wat's Ness, and, then away over the waves of the Atlantic, for the island of Foula, supposed by some to be the "*Thule*" of Tacitus; it was rough, and the surf on the shore soon shewed us that it would have been impossible to land, but we were able to see the flocks feeding on the fertile plains, with, here and there, little crofts and cottages; on the west side the peaks and cliffs are indeed grand—the highest is the Skeug,—and many are unaware that in Great Britain there are cliffs perpendicular from the sea, of 1370 ft.; the stratification is most remarkable, and here and there the curious old lichen can be seen; the myriads of sea-fowl almost darkened the air, as, disturbed and frightened by our fog-horn, which was often sounded to produce the most marvellous echoes, they came forth, uttering their wild cries of rage and alarm. Hunting for the eggs of these birds amid these fearful precipices and crags, must be a risky employment. The inhabitants are very daring, and when a man was asked whether it could

FLUGGA LIGHTHOUSE.

be worth while to venture over these cliffs in quest of eggs, he answered: "Ma gutcher (grandfather) went over da Skeug, and ma faither followed, and may be I'll ging too." We loitered for an hour or two, admiring the fine, bold, cliff scenery, and then rounded the island, and in a few hours, were off Papa Stour Island, with its enormous caves, the finest in Britain, and many very wonderful rocks, some in the form of arches and others most weird and grotesque. Close to Papa Stour is the Maiden's Rock, on which a daughter of a King of Norway, according to the old Udaller in the "Pirate," was shut up, to keep her from her lovers, but, "all to little purpose," he says, "for, maidens, I would have you to wot, that it is hard to keep flax from the lowe" (lowe, flame). We were very pleased, this evening, to dine in smooth water at Hillswick, as we had been tossed about all day on the open Atlantic, with a good south-west breeze blowing. In the evening we proceeded northwards, along very wild and romantic coast scenery. During the night the wind veered round to the south-east, and at about 8 a.m. we found ourselves at Olst, on the west side of the north point of the fertile island of Unst, where is a rock jutting out northwards, which, seen *en profile*, resembles a fine sphinx. I pointed this

sphinx out to several on board; it indicates the lofty reef a little further north, on the extreme rock of which is the Flugga Lighthouse, the most northerly spot in His Majesty's European dominions. There seemed a special charm about this grand, wild locality. We lingered for a few hours, and, having rounded the Flugga, the "St. Sunniva" showed the power of her engines, and bounded over the huge rollers of the Northern Ocean. We soon passed Harold's Wick, where King Harald Haarfage landed to conquer these islands in 872. That night and next day we remained at Lerwick, and two days afterwards were at Leith. It had been a most enjoyable trip, and gave opportunities of observing the ways of innumerable sea-birds and creatures of the deep, which abound in endless variety amidst the fine rock scenery we had been admiring. In reading such a chapter in the great *Book of Nature*—the only real book of Revelations—one feels that one is educating oneself to realize that there is a Soul in the Beautiful, and, by listening intently, to hear that exquisite

> "Voice, whose pure accents
> In harmonies swell
> Thro' the depths of the ocean
> The curves of a shell."

ULTIMA THULE

"To the ocean again I fly
And those northern climes that lie,
Where day never shuts his eye."

There's naught to cure doldrums or mental dyspepsia
Like change, with ozone from the health-giving brine;
Then away with all worries, anxieties, troubles,
And start for the North—it's the best anodyne.

Now, hey for the land of the grouse and the ryper,
The yökul, the geyser, the lava, the snow;
Where the tourist, geologist, angler, and loafer,
Find guides and good ponies most willing to go.

In the tight little "Laura," with captain so trusty,
We bound o'er the billow and laugh at the gale;
Germans, Danes and Italians, Australians and Britons,
All bound for the regions of walrus and whale.

Orkney, Shetland, Fair Island, and Foula we welcome;
The Faröes, with Thorshavn, one rainy day;
The Vestmannas, then snowy Hekla we glance at,
And find ourselves safe in old Reykjavik's bay.

EXPERIENCE having shown me that there is nothing finer for body and mind than an autumn cruise in northern waters — the further north the better — I next

year embarked at Leith in the good ship "Laura" (from Copenhagen) for Iceland. On the morning after starting, we were passing between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and very near Fair Island, in a direction nearly N.W. The sea was rough, as half a gale had been blowing, and tremendous rollers caught us on the port bows. This lasted all day and night. At noon next day we sighted the Faröe Islands. The nearest, and one of the largest, Suderöe, as seen from the south, reminded me—in form only—of Capri. The islands are twenty-two in number, and seventeen are inhabited. They take their name from *faar* (the Norse word for sheep). On the cliffs of an island we passed, were gulls, cormorants, skuas, kittiwakes, auks, guillemots, puffins, etc., sitting in rows, as though a conference were being held on some important matter.

Thorshavn, the capital, a thriving little town, well situated in a fine harbour, called after the good god Thor, possesses a fort, the guns of which, dismounted, lie idly on the grass, and the few soldiers have not much more to do. Four Englishmen came on board here. They had been shooting and fishing, and, a month before, had witnessed that extraordinary rush ashore of 1,600 whales. It was in a fjord in which was

SOLAN GEESE ON THE VESTMANNA ISLANDS.

a gradually shelving beach; a school of whales having entered the fjord, the signals were given and a number of men arrived. One whale on being harpooned made at once for the shore, and the remainder followed, so that by the next morning 1,600 whales were stranded. They hereby, I suppose, displayed an elementary instinct derived from their very remote progenitors. I am told that if a whale is wounded, the others will never leave it. Nothing could be done with this enormous number, and they could not be sold at 1 krone (1s. 1½d.) apiece, as there were no means of removing them; so they putrified, and caused an odour which will be remembered in that island, as all the stenches in *Malebolga* combined could not have surpassed it.

The men of the Faröes are very fine fellows, of true old Norse type, with light greyish-blue eyes and fair hair. They are renowned as boatmen. My attention was called to a singular habit they have of breaking from a walk into a run without any apparent cause. These islands are purely volcanic, and almost all of that peculiar step or terrace-like formation characteristic of trap rock. The scenery is picturesque and bold.

After leaving the Faröes we did much westing in our 250 miles to the Vestmanna Islands, lying S.E. of

Iceland. We had to discharge a cargo at the chief town, but in consequence of the heavy surf, the only cargo-boat on shore had to be carried across country to the sheltered side. The men of these islands are fine boatmen. They were peopled by some Irish originally, hence their name, as the inhabitants of Erin are always called Westmen. These islands are barren in the extreme; fine bold rocks, mostly of trap rock formation, give them but a sombre and weird appearance.

Our course now lay along the coast of Iceland, and soon we saw the snow-clad Hekla in the distance, but generally speaking it was hazy, and we had yet to hope for the clear, bright atmosphere not to be surpassed in sunny Italy. The following morning we were in harbour at Reykjavik, the capital. What first caught my eye was the curious pyramidal mountain of Vifilsfel, 2,079 feet high, and apparently springing from a plain, a few miles in rear of the town. It reminded me forcibly of the pyramid of Cheops, and more so, afterwards, at a closer inspection, as—being of basaltic trap formation—the horizontal layers of trap give the idea of steps. The town is clean and orderly enough, so also are the people, and there is but one policeman for the whole of Iceland, which is one-third or 7,000 square miles larger than Ireland. In

FALLS A FEW MILES FROM REYKJAVIK.

the square is a statue of Thorwaldsen, who was the son of a carver of Reykjavik. In the church close by is a font of most exquisite classical work by Thorwaldsen. The Bank, a handsome building, has just been completed. In the Museum we saw the first Icelandic Bible, dated 1584, in very good type, also many ecclesiastical relics of the sixteenth century. Noticeable also is an old reredos, in one segment of which is represented the resurrection of Christ. He is stepping forth from the sepulchre on to the body of a Roman soldier asleep. The very old jewellery and embroidery are of the same pattern as worn by the women of the present day, as they are a very conservative people in most matters. In the Parliament House we were shown the room of Olaf Sigurrsen, the great patriot.

Having found that Parliament, which meets biennially only, was to sit next day, I was present in the gallery. It was the last sitting, and rather a stormy debate was held. There is much dissatisfaction, it seems, in Iceland, just now, as certainly Denmark does very little for it, but wants all it can get. From what I saw of the Icelanders they seem to be a well-conducted, law-abiding people, perhaps rather heavy and slow in their ideas. One is often surprised at finding them so well-informed. They

read, and, apparently, like books requiring some thought. They have translations of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and of Pope's "Essay on Man." They think much of their native epics the "Sagas," in which they are well-

ON THE ROAD TO THE GEYSERS.

versed. They seem rather silent in company, but, as they have no objection, in common with most northern nations, to drinking whiskey, they become convivial under its benign influence. They are proud of their antiquity, and one of their sayings is, "Before Denmark *was*, we *were*."

HEKLA.

Our steamer was to depart in five days' time for the round of the island, being a cargo boat, so I determined on visiting Thingvellir, the most interesting place in the island, as there, the *Althing* (the old Icelandic Parliament) assembled for between eight and nine hundred years. It is thirty-four miles in the interior, so, having found a guide and three ponies, I rode through the most barren and waste country I ever saw. Just out of the town is a large lepers' hospital, then some hot springs from which Reykjavik takes its name; the whole country seems volcanic and a wilderness of lava, cones, and craters; here and there is a stream with patches of grass, and there are small farms where one can always obtain a good cup of coffee, which is greatly drunk in the island. I crossed a vast lava track, in crossing which, some years ago, a party of eighteen people were lost in the snow; they have now placed piles of stones to indicate the way. The ponies are most docile and willing little animals, but I found the guide's conversation rather wearisome, as he seemed to have slightly confused ideas of distance and time. He talked of an English yacht which was one mile in length, and, half an hour with him, meant two hours.

After going for four hours, the scenery improved, and we reached a point from which the bright blue of the

lake of Thingvellir, the largest in Iceland, appeared like a gem sparkling below. The guide says, "One hour to Thingvellir," which proved to be three. A steady descent, keeping the beautiful lake in view, brought us to a steep gorge--dark, sombre, and, as an Italian lady passenger afterwards remarked, *bell' orrido*. This led to the extraordinary subsided plain of Thingvellir, of some sixty square miles. This plain is traversed by enormous clefts, of unfathomable depths in some parts, running parallel to the high perpendicular cliffs on each side of the subsidence; these clefts have water in them, and, between two of them is a mound, now covered with grass, on which the old *Althing*, or Parliament of Iceland, assembled for nine hundred years; on one side of the mound the chasm narrows to about sixteen feet, with perpendicular sides and a drop of some eighty feet to the water. My guide, equal to the occasion, informed me that every M.P. had to jump this chasm to get to his seat! This must have been, if M.P.'s were as they are now, a sight most pleasing to the multitudes who assembled round, and to the good gods, Thor and Wodon, looking on from above; I heard a different version of the story afterwards. It is a wild, weird piece of country, entirely volcanic. There is a fine foss (waterfall) near, and, the river into which it

A MAIDEN OF ICELAND.

falls, runs into the lake, which is very picturesque, with some volcanic islands. There are the remains of some primitive dwellings in the neighbourhood. I stayed two nights at the Valhöll (Valhalla) Hotel, in which the bedrooms, resembling cabins, are arranged as on board ship, with one berth above the other. This was a happy inspiration of some builder who had been a child of the ocean, with a view to economising space, so as to allow of the salle-à-manger being as large as possible. It was around the mound (the Mount of Laws) above described, that the scene at the opening of "The Bondman" took place.

At Reykjavik, as arranged, we started for the trip round Iceland, and the steamer was rather crowded, as we had to carry about twenty M.P.'s to their respective homes. It was a fine clear evening when we left, with Snaefell's yökul seventy-five miles ahead; but, so clear was the atmosphere, that it did not appear to be more than half that distance. It is about 4,600 feet in height, and its wondrous snow-fields looked well, as we passed it by moonlight. In Lock's Guide, he quotes Lord Garvagh, speaking of his attempt to ascend Snaefell's yökul; his lordship says that his guide could not stand the extreme rarefaction of the air, but was "bleeding at the nose and ears." Is the rarefaction of the air in Iceland at 4,000

feet so much greater than that of the Alps at 10,000, or the Himalayas at 15,000, where we move about in comfort? He must have been a very full-blooded guide.

These yökuls (ice mountains) of Iceland cover 5,500

LAVA, NEAR REYKJAVIK.

square miles, and the snow-line is but 2,000 feet above. The largest is the *Vatnâ Yökul*, which covers an area of 4,000 square miles, which is larger than Devonshire. Its highest, Orœfa, reaches 6,500 feet, and is the highest

THE GEYSERS.

mountain in Iceland. Near it are lava streams 50 miles long, and 12 to 15 miles in breadth, and 600 feet deep. In 1783, in the eruption of Skaptar Jökull, the mass of lava thrown up was greater in bulk than Mont Blanc, and the ashes fell in the Shetland Isles, causing the people to think it was black snow.

We arrived the following morning at Strikkisholm, a small town of no great importance, sheltered by a fine basaltic rock, and on the south side of the Breid Fjord, which we afterwards crossed to Flatey Island, one of a perfect archipelago. The captain told me that the magnetic variation in these seas is great, averaging $3\frac{1}{2}$ points, and that when a vessel is in water of less than 50 fathoms, the needle is always affected. When the needle is pointing north, the true north is indicated by north-east. The little Island of Flatey is of historic importance. It was from here that the vessels started which conveyed the pre-Columbian discoverer of America. It was Eric the Red of Iceland, who, in 1003, discovered Greenland, which he thus named to induce others to proceed there. Leifer Eric, his son, soon after discovered Newfoundland. The oldest Icelandic manuscript, which recorded these facts, was kept here until a few years past, when it was sent to the Museum at Copenhagen.

When Columbus visited Iceland in 1457, did he hear of these discoveries, made 400 years before, and draw the conclusion that the continent extended far south?

For several days we continued visiting small towns in the fjords of the north-west. In one of these, the

A WHALE OF 75 FEET IN LENGTH CAUGHT IN NORTH OF ICELAND.

Onundafjord, is a whale fishery, where 215 whales had been brought during the past summer. We saw one of about 50 feet in length being brought in lashed to the side of the whaling vessel. On shore we saw one of 75 feet long which had just been landed; its skin, about

four inches in thickness, was being peeled off it from head to tail, in large strips of four feet wide, which were wound off it by an engine. Tons of the flesh were cut off, some for food, and more for manure, as whale's flesh is not very nutritious. I bought one of the eyes, and cut out the crystalline lens, which sparkled like a beautiful gem, and preserved it in spirits of wine. About 20 tons of oil would be obtained from the blubber of this animal, which was worth about £300.

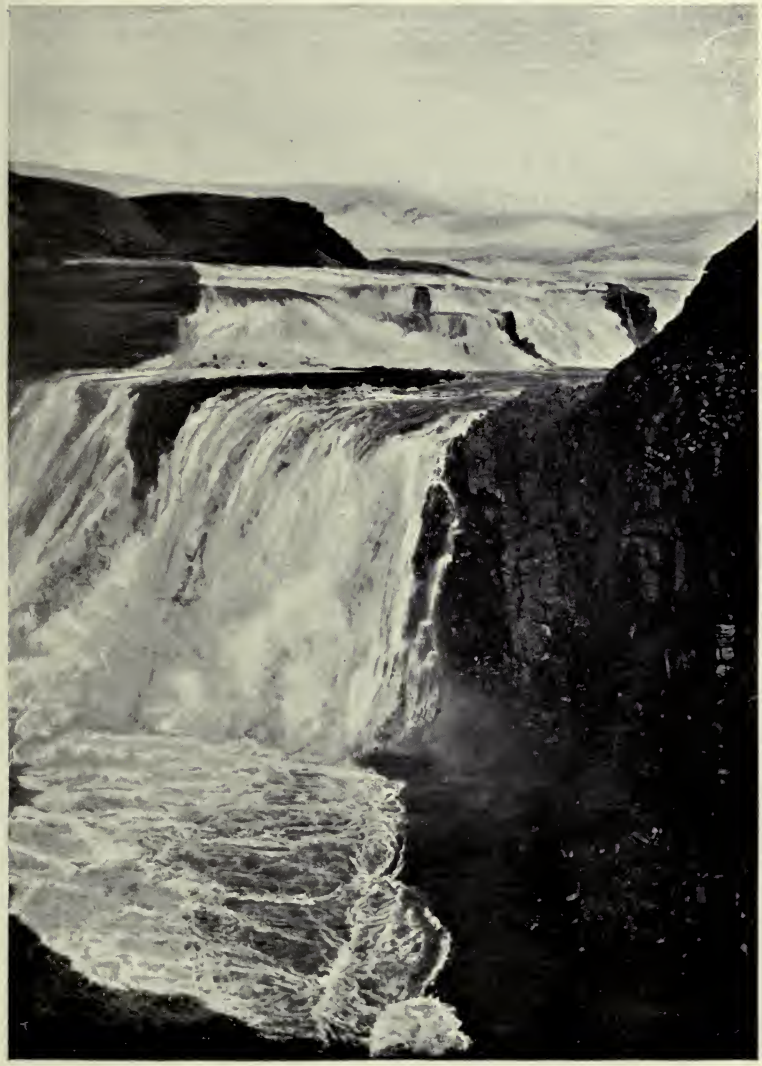
Next day, we rounded the Horn, the North Cape of Iceland. It was at three a.m. that I was on deck to see the fine bold headland, which is just south of the Arctic circle, and, certainly, it was a change of air from the stuffiness of London in August. We thence had a fine run across a splendid fjord, keeping the vast snow-fields of the Dranga Jökull all day in view, to Skagestrand, and, in the evening, anchored at a small town in the Skagafjord. As we were rounding a point before anchoring, we saw:—

> "The clouds in grandeur breaking,
> In the richly crimsoned west."

and, a couple of hours afterwards, those wonderful lights of the north. The sky from west to north was one broad belt of gold,—the three rocky islets lying across

the mouth of the fjord, appearing like black diamonds set therein. At the same time, from behind a high cliff to the west, proceeded beautiful violet and blue shades from the afterglow. Above was a bright silvery bow, the centre of which I remarked was considerably *west of north*; if the glorious god of the silver bow and golden hair had been looking after us, indeed, there could not have been a finer scene of splendour in the heavens. The dancing sisters, those wondrous lights, which, much farther north, viz., at Tromsü (in Norway), dart from the horizon to the zenith, were not present in this aurora. There are at the present moment some *savants* from Denmark, observing the *aurora borealis* in the north of Iceland, and they are endeavouring to verify their latest idea on the subject, viz., that these lights are related to the Röntgen rays.

The next day, we entered the Eyafjord, at the far end of which is Akureyri, the second town in Iceland. Here, positively, we saw four mountain-ash trees, and they appeared to us as remarkable as four horses would on the Piazza di San Marco. They were the first we had seen since leaving bonnie Scotland. On the following morning, after rounding a fine point, we sighted Grimsey Island, some thirty-five miles to the north,



GULLFOSS.

where so much of the scene of "The Bondman" is laid, and, for all that day, we were in the Arctic Circle. We dropped anchor in the beautiful Seydisfjord. Our next and last night was spent in the Eskefjord, near which is the mine of Iceland spar, of which we brought away fine specimens. We left at 3.30 a.m., homewards bound. I came on deck at about 6, to enjoy the "wild freshness of morning." We had left the fjord and were careering along gaily towards the south-east, about ten miles from land. The sun had risen gloriously bright, and the east coast of Iceland was bathed in splendour. The atmosphere was as clear as it ever is in the Levant, and the cones and snow-fields of the volcanic island stood out boldly. To the south-west, my eyes were gladdened by a magnificent view of Orœfa, the highest point of the Vatna Jökull (the largest glacier in Europe, covering 4,000 square miles,—as large as Devonshire). The scene was extremely grand, but soon a haze came over, and, at 7 a.m. or so, was my last view of *Ultima Thule*, a barren, extremely barren, thing of beauty.

Never, while recollection lasts, will the mental photographs of the exquisite, bold scenery of these northern islands be obliterated, and I only long again to be up in the bows of the "St. Sunniva," or the "Laura,"

bounding over those glorious seas, now "sparkling with laughing ripples, and now lashed by the fury of the storm." There one can cast overboard all the agonies and petty cares and worries of life, and—inhaling health at every pore, and revelling in the beautiful surroundings—become imbued with the—

> "Spirit of loveliness!
> Glowing, pervading
> The bright things of Nature,
> So fleeting and fading."

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